



IN THIS ISSUE — THE SHIELD AND THE SUPER-NAZI RAT — — THE SON OF THE HUN, IN FIGHTING, DRAMATIC ACTION STORIES!

The SHIELD

10¢

SHIELD - WIZARD

comics

NO. 10

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PUBLICATION



YOU HAVE KILLED MY BODY SHIELD, BUT YOU CANNOT KILL MY SPIRIT! IT WILL LIVE ON TO HATE YOU AND CURSE YOU FOREVER!

LOOK SHIELD! TH--THE HUN!





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THE ORIGINAL SHIELD AND DUSTY the BOY DETECTIVE

CHAPTER 1

THE CURSE
OF THE
HUN!

YOU HAVE
KILLED MY BODY
SHIELD, BUT YOU
CANNOT KILL MY
SPIRIT! IT WILL
LIVE ON TO HATE
YOU AND CURSE
YOU FOREVER!

LOOK
SHIELD!
TH--THE
HUN!

CAN IT BE TRUE? CAN THE DEAD LIVE TO REVENGE? WE ALL KNOW THE HUN IS DEAD, AND THAT THE SHIELD AND DUSTY WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR SCOURGING THE EARTH OF THIS NAZI BEAST ---AND YET?--- WELL, READ ON, THE STRANGEST STORY OF THEM ALL!
"THE CURSE OF THE HUN!"



THE DAY FOLLOWING THE DEATH OF THE HUN, WE FIND JOE HIGGINS AND HIS YOUTHFUL PAL DUSTY IN JOE'S TROPHY ROOM ---

SOME BOOK OF CRIME THE HUN LEFT BEHIND HIM, DUSTY!

HERE ARE THE LAST LINES HE EVER WROTE - I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH WORDS OF HATE ON PAPER BEFORE!

THAT BOOK GIVES ME THE CREEPS, JOE! I WISH YOU DIDN'T HAVE IT!

THERE'S SOMETHING OMINOUS ABOUT THIS ROOM JOE! AS IF A COLD WIND WERE SWEEPING OVER ME!

YOU'VE GOT ME, DUSTY--I WISH I KNEW!

WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HE MEANT, JOE?

*I am dying, Shield,
I know it! But I want
you - the Curse of the
Hun is upon you...
My spirit will be
revenged. You have
not seen the last
of me.*

PLAYING TRICKS--
HUH? WHA ---
SOMETHING WET
ON MY NECK!

GREAT GUNS!
SHIELD! LOOK
AT THE HUN'S
SHIELD!

IT'S OUR
IMAGINATIONS,
DUSTY ---
PLAYING
TRICKS ON
US!



IT'S BLOOD!



YOU'RE RIGHT!
THE HUN'S
METAL SHIELD!
IT DRIPPED BLOOD!

TAKE IT DOWN,
JOE--GET RID
OF IT P-PLEASE!
IT MEANS



THERE'S SOMETHING
EVIL ABOUT THIS
SHIELD, DUSTY! I'M
CHUCKING IT INTO
THE FIRE!



SUDDENLY ---



DUCK, DUSTY!
DUCK!



HELP ME--
HELP ME
SHIELD!

I QUIET
YOU --
QUICK!



I HATE BEING IN
THE DARK ABOUT
ANYTHING ----



SO LET'S HAVE SOME LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT!



HERE'S WHERE I PUT YOUR LIGHTS OUT!



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TAKE THIS LYING DOWN, ARE YOU?



SH--SHIELD THE OTHER ONE'S CHOKING ME!



I'M COMING, DUSTY!



BOOF

GOOT TING I LET GO-- CURSE DAT BRAT!



YOU'RE OKAY NOW, DUSTY! LET'S SET THEM UP IN THE NEXT ALLEY!



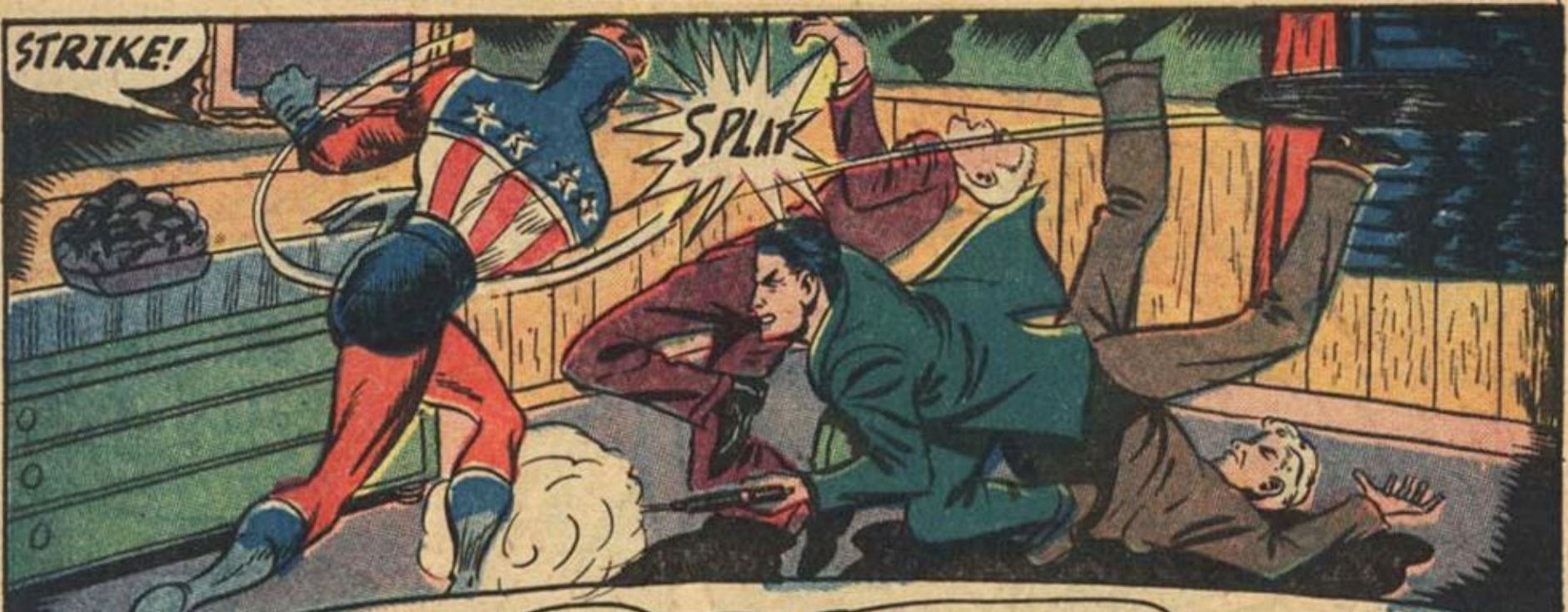
WATCH THIS DELIVERY!

READY-- AIM----



STRIKE!

SPLAT



THEY'RE LEAVING DOWN THE HALL!

AFTER THEM, DUSTY!



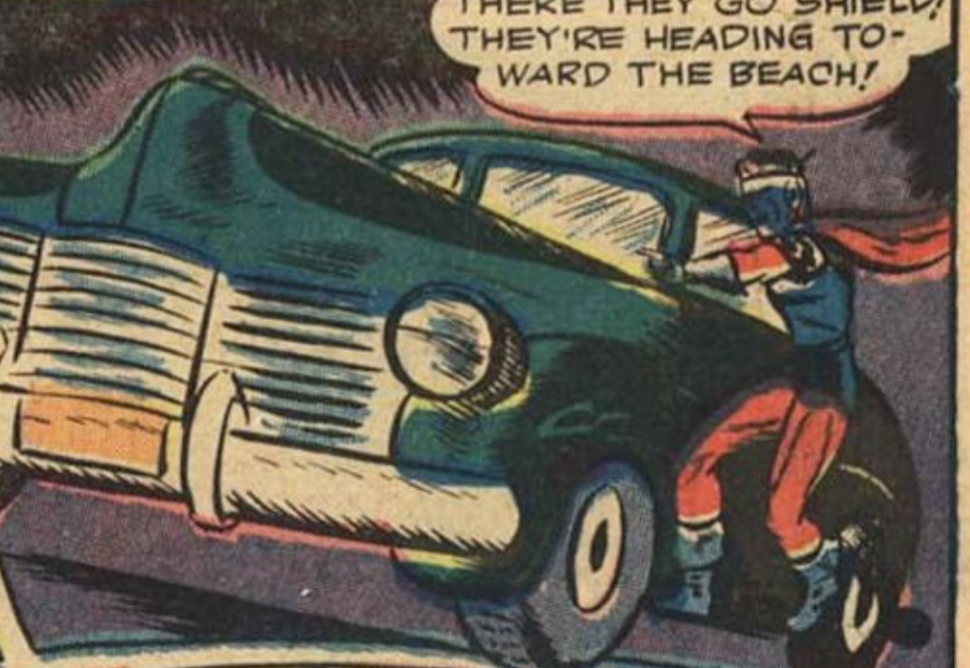
SPEED IT UP, KID -- YOU'RE GETTING IN MY WAY!



I HAF IT--- HURRY!



THERE THEY GO SHIELD! THEY'RE HEADING TOWARD THE BEACH!



THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE BEACH! I KNOW HOW TO CUT THEM OFF!



GOOT! VE HAF LOST DEM!



I CAN SEE THEM BELOW US, SHIELD!

WITH A GRINDING FURY THE SHIELD OVERTAKES THE FLEEING MARAUDERS!

ALL OUT BOYS! THIS IS LAST STOP!

DEY CUT US OFF! STOP RIGHT HERE YOU FOOL!

AND STOP THIS WHILE YOU'RE AT IT!

COME ON BUD, YOU HEARD ME SAY THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE!

HERE'S THE GREAT AMERICAN PASTIME ---

WE GOT THEM NOW!

KAMARAD!

KEEP 'EM FLYING!

POW

BLAM





HERE'S THE TWO OF THEM, SHIELD!

ONLY TWO!



WHERE'S THE MAN WITH THE CROOKED SCAR?

HE MUST HAVE GOT AWAY!



GOOT! DO YOU HEAR DOT, HANS? WILHELM ESCAPED!

JA! OUR PLAN SUCCEEDED! NOW HE HAS DER HUN'S IRON SHIELD! VERY GOOT!



SO THAT'S WHAT YOU WERE AFTER-THE HUN'S SHIELD! BUT WHY?

VE VERE ORDERED TO DO SO, BY OUR FUEHRER!

A SHORT WHILE LATER AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS!



UND SOON, WILHELM VILL BE BACK IN CHERMANY- OUR MISSION COMPLETED!

---AND YOU'LL BE BEHIND BARS-- COME ON YOU TWO!



---AND THEY CAME ALL THE WAY FROM GERMANY TO GET THE HUN'S SHIELD! BUT WHY? WHY?



WELL, WHAT ABOUT IT, RATZI?

I'VE TOLD YOU ALL I KNOW! VE VERE ORDERED TO BRING BACK DER HUN'S SHIELD UND VE DID!



HMM... ORDERS FROM SHICKEL-GRUBER HIMSELF! WHY IN THE WORLD DOES HE WANT THE HUN'S SHIELD, THE HUN IS DEAD- OR IS HE?

Roads of Destiny

THE ORIGINAL

SHIELD AND DUSTY

the BOY DETECTIVE

**DUMBKOPFS!
SHTUNKS!**

CAN'T I GET YOU TO DO ANYTHING BY YOURSELVES! MUST I ALWAYS RELY ON MY INTUITION! HE'S SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY, I TELL YOU! YOU MUST **FIND HIM!**

BUT.. BUT.. VE HAFF SEARCHED EFFERYWHERE, MEIN FUEHRER!

HEIL HITLER!

VOT ISS IT? VOT DO YOU MEAN BY BREAKING IN HERE?... WHO ISS DOT RAG-PICKER MIT YOU?

OUR SEARCH ISS AT AN **END** MEIN, FUEHRER! LISTEN... BZZ... BZZ... BZZ... BZZ...

YES... NO, UH-HUH... YES.. NO... NO.. Y... VOT! YOU HAFF?



MEIN KAMPA
DITTO



HERAUS!!
I WANT TO TALK
MIT DIS NOBLE
MAN... ALONE!

JA, MEIN
FUEHRER!

JA..

... UND YOU
ARE SURE, DOT
HE ISS RIGHT
HERE.. IN MY
OWN GESTAPO?

POSSITIFF,
MEIN FUEHRER!
I HAFF
BROUGHT
HIM UP
FROM INFANCY!
I VOULD
KNOW HIM
ANYWHERE!

NOW OUR SCENE CHANGES
TO ANOTHER PART OF
THE CITY.. TWO GESTAPO
MEN MAKE THEIR WAY
INTO A FACTORY..

HEIL HITLER!
ISS DER A
FRITZ KAUSS
HERE?!

JA! LAST
MAN ON
THE ASSEMBLY
LINE!!

VE HAFF YOU NOW..
SABOTEUR! VE KNOW
YOU ARE A MEMBER
OF DER UNDERGROUND!

VE WANT
NAMES! NAMES
OF DER OTHERS!
SPEAK!

DERE HE
ISS!! **GRAB
HIM!**

VOT!

NEFFER
!!

FOOL.. VE VON'T
VASTE TIME MIT
VORDS! I'LL LOOSEN
YOUR JAW, OR **BREAK
IT!!**

CRACK!

HAND ME
DER **WHIP,**
KURT! I'LL
MAKE HIM
TALK!

HERE IT
ISS, HERR
GRUMMEL!

BAH!
GRUMMEL IS A
FOOL TOO!
TINKS HE CAN
GET ANYWHERE
MIT SUCH
VEAKLING
METHODS!!





VUN LAST CHANCE, BEFORE I BEAT YOU TO A PULP!

KILL ME IF YOU LIKE! I'LL NEFFER TELL!



0000000000

BLAST HIS STUBBORNNESS! HIS SKIN ISS IN SHREDS! WHY VON'T HE SPEAK?



GET OUT OF DER VAY, YOU SOFT LIVERED FOOL! I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO HANDLE SUCH SCUM!!

KURT.. YOT ISS DER MEANING OF SUCH IMPUDENCE! I AM YOUR SUPERIOR OFFICER!



I HAFF LONG WISHED FOR AN EXCUSE TO FIX DOT UPSTART, KURT WIEDLER! HE'LL BE BROKEN BY DER FUEHRER HIMSELF FOR DIS IMPUDENCE!

WHIPPING! BAH! YOU ACT LIKE AN OLD LADY.. OR AN AMERICAN, GRUMMEL! I VILL SHOW YOU HOW A STRONG ARYAN SHOULD HANDLE DIS!!



TIE HIM TO A TANK TREAD!

YOU.. YOU.. VOULDN'T!

SILENCE! DO AS I SAY!



NOW! YOU FILTHY SPY! DO YOU TALK.. OR DO I START DIS TANK ROLLING?



NO! NO!
YOU CAN'T
DO THIS TO
ME! SURELY
EVEN YOU
NAZIS HAVE
SOME
HUMANITY
LEFT!

HE'S RIGHT, KURT!
COME OUT OF
THAT TANK! THIS
IS TOO... TOO
COLD BLOODED..
EVEN FOR US!

GET OUT OF
MY VAY GRUMMEL,
YOU SPINELESS
FOOL!

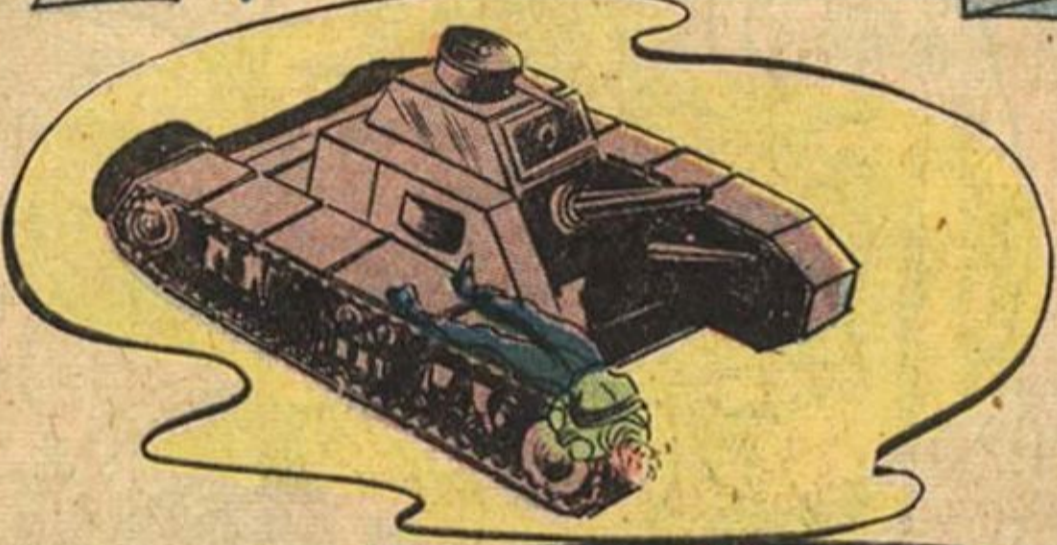


GOTT IN
HIMMEL!



HE, HE'S
DONE
IT!!

THEN THE TANK BEGINS TO ROLL, GUIDED
BY A RUTHLESS MONSTER, AN INHUMAN
MASTER OF DESTRUCTION....



AIEEEEE



IT ISS DONE!
THIS VILL SERVE
AS A LESSON TO
OTHERS VE CATCH
UND ARE TIGHT
LIPPED!



UND YOU, KURT
WIEDLER, VILL ALSO
RECEIFF A LESSON..
FROM THE FUEHRER
HIMSELF! YOU'RE
UNDER ARREST!



YOU KNOW GRUMMEL,
I HAFF NEFFER
LIKED YOU!!

KEEP AWAY
FROM ME YOU..
YOU MADMAN!!
SEIZE HIM, MEN,
BEFORE HE
KILLS ME!

...LATER THAT NIGHT...



YOU WISH TO SEE ME, MEIN FUERER?



JA! HERR GRUMMEL HAS MADE CHARGES OF INSUBORDINATION AGAINST YOU! VOT HAFF YOU TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?



MEIN FUEHRER, I WOULD NOT DREAM OF DISOBEYING ORDERS! HERR GRUMMEL ORDERED ME TO DO VOT I DID! BECAUSE HE WAS TOO VEAK TO DO IT HIMSELF! I AM A VICTIM OF HIS AGGRESSION! DOT ISS DER TRUTH, ON MY HONOR AS A PURE ARYAN!



VV, YOU FILTHY LIAR! I...

HERR GRUMMEL! IF YOU WERE NOT MY SUPERIOR, I WOULD FLOG YOU, FOR CURSING IN DER PRESENCE OF DER FUEHRER HIMSELF!



HERR WIEDLER ISS RIGHT! YOU MAY LEAVE NOW, GRUMMEL! I WISH TO TALK MIT, WIEDLER ALONE!

BUT... BUT...



GUARD! VE ARE NOT TO BE DISTURBED BY ANYVUN!



AND SO, A SHORT WHILE LATER..

CONGRATULATE ME, HERR GRUMMEL! DER FUEHRER HASS JUST MADE ME A CAPTAIN!

CAPTAIN? DENN YOU ARE NOW MY SUPERIOR, WIEDLER!



HA, HA, DOT ISS SO! BUT TO SHOW I BEAR YOU NO GRUDGE, I VILL HAFF A DRINK MIT YOU!!

BUT IN THE BEER HALL,
WHEN GRUMMEL'S BACK
IS TURNED...

STUPID, TRUSTING
FOOL! I TOLD YOU,
I WOULD PAY
YOU BACK!

GAAAAA

NOW I HAD
BETTER HURRY
BACK TO DER
FUEHRER, UND
REPORT DIS
UNFORTUNATE
ACCIDENT!

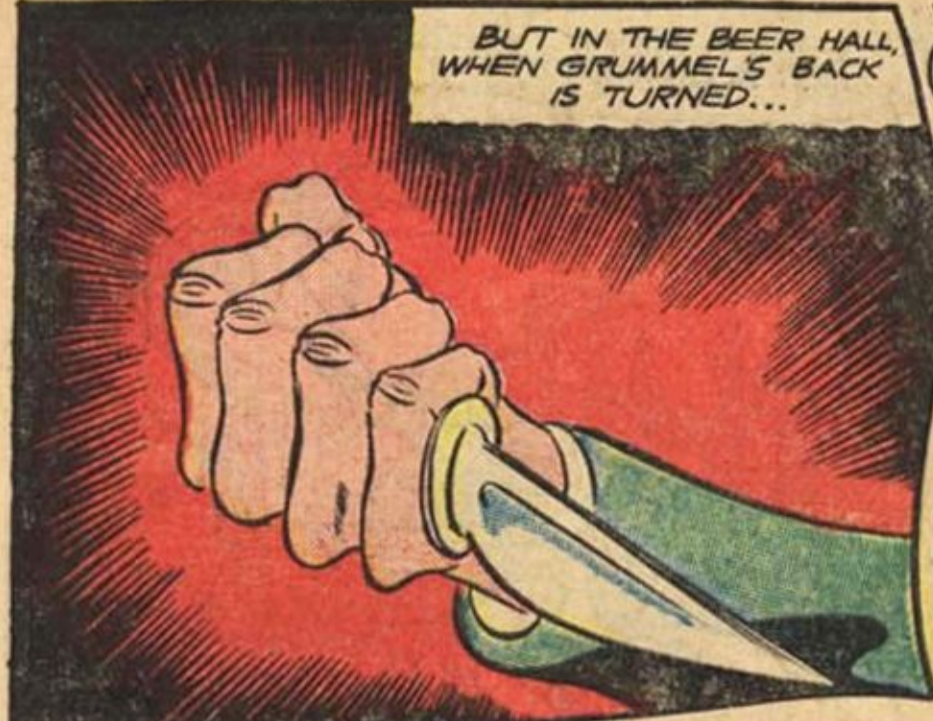
YES, WIEDLER!
VOT ISS IT
NOW??

ABOUT HERR GRUMMEL,
MEIN FUEHRER! SOMETHING
TERRIBLE JUST
HAPPENED!

VE VERE BOTH
ATTACKED BY SPIES WHILE
CELEBRATING MY PROMOTION!
I PUT DEM TO FLIGHT...
BUT NOT BEFORE POOR
GRUMMEL WAS STABBED!

YOU LIE, WIEDLER!
I HAD YOU
FOLLOWED, UND
I KNOW YOU
KILLED HIM!
SEIZE HIM,
MEN!

TRICKED ME,
EH? YOU
VON'T TAKE
ME VIDOUT
A FIGHT!





NO, MEIN FUEHRER, I AM NOT VUN OF YOUR VEAKLINGS WHO VILL SUBMIT TAMELY TO ARREST!



I AM A LION, NOT A LAMB!



NOW MEIN FUEHRER, I COULD EASILY KILL YOU, TOO! UND I VILL, UNLESS...



DERE ISS NO NEED FOR DOT, HERR HUN!

HERR HUN! VHY DID YOU CALL ME DOT??



BECAUSE YOU ARE DER SON OF DER HUN! YOU WERE IDENTIFIED BY DER PEASANT, DER HUN LEFT YOU MIT, TO BRING YOU UP AS HIS OWN CHILD!

I HAFF HAD YOUR FATHER'S SHIELD! I BROUGHT IT BACK, HOPING TO FIND SOME VUN VORTHY OF CARRYING IT! UND I HAFF, HIS OWN SON!



I VAS TESTING YOU, CHUST NOW, UND YOU HAFF PASSED LIKE A TRUE ARYAN! YOU ARE TREACHEROUS, A LIAR, A KILLER, UND STRONG AS TEN MEN! GO FORTH AS DER HUN, UND AVENGE YOUR FATHER!

YES, I VILL AVENGE MY FATHER! I VARN YOU SHIELD, IT ISS EITHER YOUR LIFE, OR MINE!



THE ORIGINAL

SHIELD AND DUSTY

the BOY DETECTIVE

CHAPTER III.

DOOM'S JOURNEY

STEP RIGHT UP FOLKS! GET YOUR WAR STAMPS HERE!

FOR EVERY THREE DOLLARS YOU LEND UNCLE SAM, HE'LL GIVE YOU FOUR BACK!!

SURE, SHIELD! I'LL TAKE FIFTY!!

I'LL TAKE A HUNDRED!

SUDDENLY...

BUT AS THE POPULACE CROWDS FORWARD, THEY PAY LITTLE ATTENTION TO THE APPROACHING BLACK SEDAN...

NOW I GIFF IT TO DER SVINE!!

LEADEN DEATH STREAMS FORTH...



GOOD LORD!
THESE PEOPLE
ARE BEING
SLAUGHTERED!



THOSE COPS LEFT
TWO MOTORCYCLES!
LET'S BORROW
THEM!



COME ON,
DUSTY, WE
CAN EXPLAIN
LATER!



HMMM... WONDER
WHY THOSE GUYS
AREN'T TAKING
SHOTS AT US!

WE'RE GAINING
ON THEM,
SHIELD!



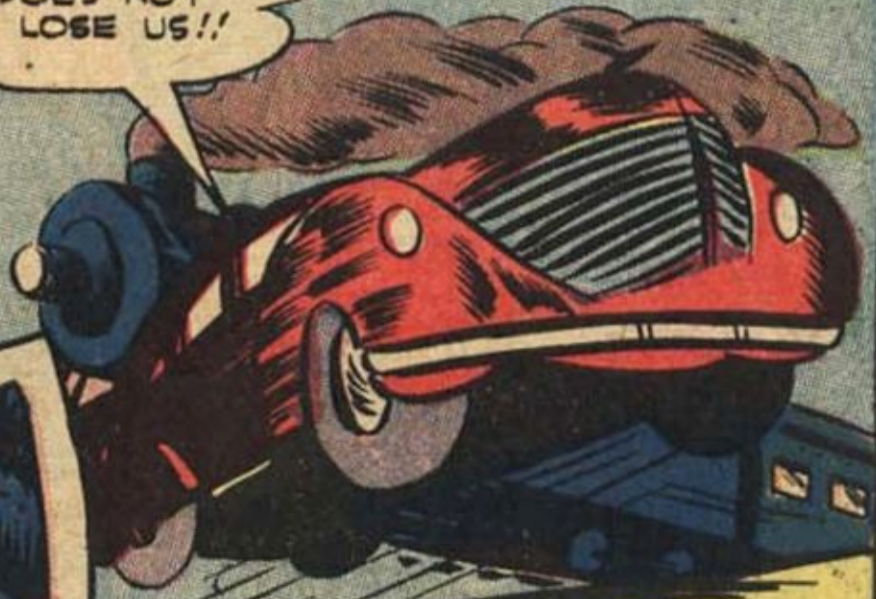
DER SHIELD
IS STILL
FOLLOWING
US, HANG!

GOOT!
VE COULD
EASILY LEAF
HIM BEHIND,
BUT VE VON'T,
EH, SIEGFRIED.
HAH, HAH!



BLAST DOT
TRAIN, NOW VE
HAFF TO WAIT
FOR IT TO PASS
SO DER SHIELD
DOES NOT
LOSE US!!

LOOK OUT!
GET OUT
OF THE
WAY!!



TOO LATE!
THEY GOT
AWAY!



BUT AS SOON AS THE
TRAIN HAS PASSED...

LOOK, SHIELD!
THE CAR IS
STILL THERE!

THERE'S SOME-
THING SCREWY
ABOUT THIS
SET-UP! THOSE
GUYS WANT
US TO CHASE
THEM!



BUT AS THE TRAIN PULLS BY...

GOOD BYE, HERR
SHIELD... I OUTSMARTED
YOU DIS TIME!

THAT GUY DELIBERATELY
JUMPED ON THE TRAIN TO
SPLIT US UP, DUSTY! ALL RIGHT!
WE'RE GOING TO PLAY THIS
GAME THEIR WAY... AND SEE
WHERE IT
LEADS TO!

OKAY, PAL!
I'LL TAKE THE
KRAUT ON THE
TRAIN!!



THIS THING
WORRIES ME!
WHAT HAVE
THOSE RATS
GOT UP THEIR
SLEEVES,
ANYWAY!!

OKAY, HEINIE! YOU
WANTED ME!..
SO, YOU'RE
GONNA GET
ME!...





IN A BIG WAY!

SOCK



SHOOT DOWN INNOCENT PEOPLE, WILL YOU, YOU MURDEROUS RAT!

CRACK



.. JUST THEN..

Tooooo
Tooooo



WHAT IN ... WE WOULD GET INTO A TUNNEL! I CAN'T SEE A THING IN HERE!!



WHEN THE TRAIN EMERGES FROM THE TUNNEL...

GONE! DID HE HOP OFF, OR DUCK INTO THE CARS!



..AND BACK IN THE TUNNEL

HA! I GAFF DOT YOUNG FIEND DER SLIP! NOW TO GET BACK TO HEADQUARTERS!



MEANWHILE... WHAT LUCK HAS THE SHIELD BEEN HAVING??

SAY.. THEY SEEM TO BE HITTING IT UP AGAIN! ARE THEY TRYING TO LOSE ME NOW? WAS IT DUSTY ALONE THEY WANTED??

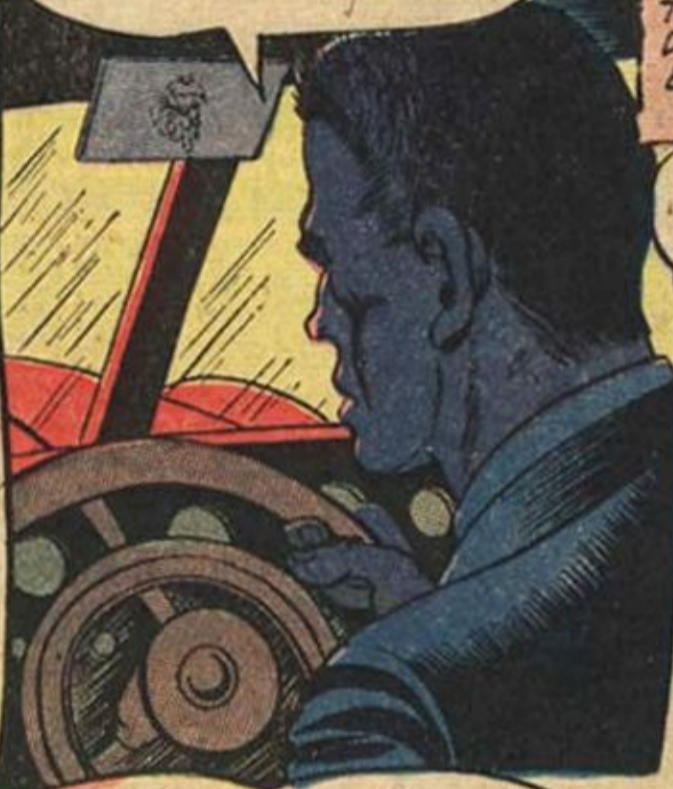


THIS ROAD HAS CURVED AROUND AND IS NOW RUNNING PARALLEL WITH THE RAILROAD! I'M GOING TO TRY AND OVERTAKE THAT TRAIN... AND IF THOSE NAZIS TURN OFF THE ROAD, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO LET THEM GO!!

HOLY SMOKE!
THE DRAW-BRIDGE
IS GOING UP!...
I JUST BARELY
HAVE A CHANCE!



I VONDER! DER SHIELD IS
TURNING OFF!.. VY HAS HE
STOPPED CHASING US??



FOR THE MOMENT, THE SHIELD
IS MORE INTERESTED IN OVER-
TAKING THE TRAIN.. AND SOON
DOES! THEN, SIGHTING HIS
BUDDY, DUSTY LEAPS DARINGLY
FROM THE TRAIN...

MADE
IT!



THANK HEAVENS,
YOU'RE ALL
RIGHT, LAD!

HIYA,
SHIELD!



OKAY! HOP ON, DUSTY!
WE'LL BE BACK ON THE
MAIN ROAD, AND LET
THOSE CUTIES LEAD
US INTO THEIR TRAP!



THAT SHOOTING INCIDENT
WAS ENGINEERED BY THEIR
BOSS TO LURE US TO HIM...
AND I'M JUST AS ANXIOUS
TO MEET HIM AS HE IS
TO MEET ME!

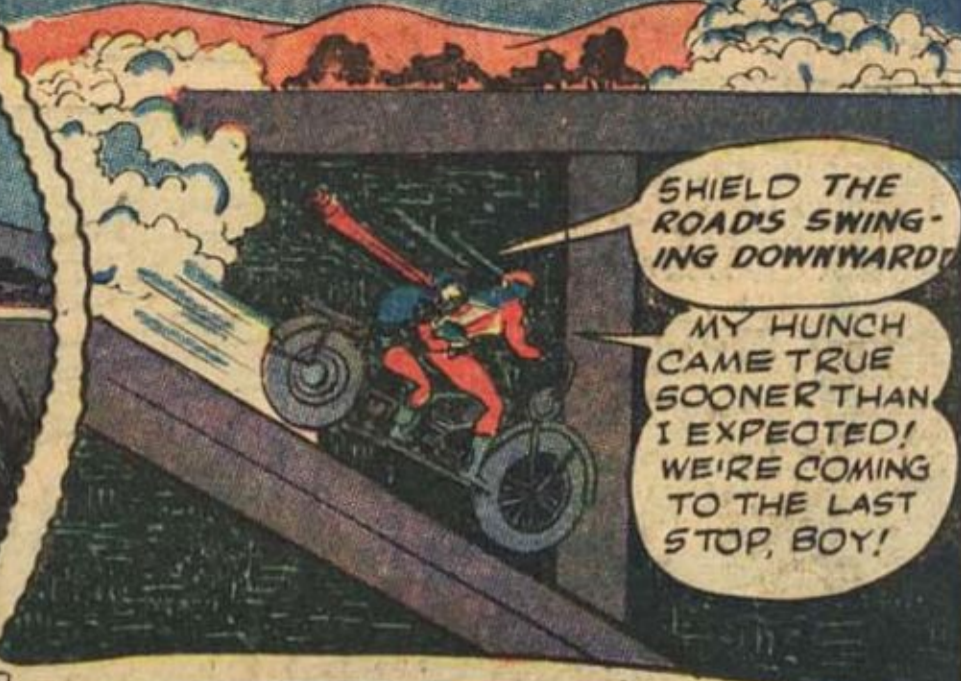


DER SHIELD
IS TRAILING
US AGAIN!



GOOT! VE
ARE VERY
NEAR OUR
DESTINATION,
NOW! IN VUN
MORE MOMENT,
DER SHIELD ISS
GOING TO BE
A VERY SUR-
PRISED MAN!

THEY'RE SPEEDING IT UP AGAIN, DUSTY! I'VE A HUNCH THAT THINGS ARE GOING TO START POPPING SOON!



SHIELD THE ROAD'S SWINGING DOWNWARD!

MY HUNCH CAME TRUE SOONER THAN I EXPECTED! WE'RE COMING TO THE LAST STOP, BOY!



WELL, WELL! QUITE A RECEPTION COMMITTEE!



YOU VILL COME QUIETLY MIT US, SHIELD!

I'LL COME, ALL RIGHT--



--BUT NOT QUIETLY!



DROP THAT CHATTERGUN, KRAUT! BETTER STILL I'LL DROP YOU!

THE BATTLE OF THE TITANS



ALLRIGHT! YOU'VE GOT US, HUN! WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT AND GET IT OVER WITH?

NOT YET, SHIELD!



I'LL KILL YOU QUICKLY ENOUGH, BUT IN MY OWN VAY. LEAF ME ALONE MIT DER SHIELD, MEN! TAKE DER BRAT MIT YOU!

IF YOU HARM THAT BOY...



DON'T VORRY! HE VON'T BE-YET! I VANT HIM TO SEE..AS VELL AS DER REST OF DER WORLD, HOW I DEAL MIT YOU! FIRST I VILL PUT ON MY TELEVISION-SENDING APPARATUS!!

IN F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS...

DIS ISS DER SON OF DER HUN
BROADCASTING! YOU ARE ABOUT TO
VITNESS A BATTLE TO DER DEATH
BETWEEN A PURE ARYAN, UND DER
GREATEST REPRESENTATIF OF DER
DER DECADENT DEMOCRACIES...
DER SHIELD!!

JEHOSEPHAT!

CHIEF! WE CAN
TRACE THAT
BROADCAST, AND
CAPTURE THE
HUN, IF...

NO! NOT YET, MEN!
THIS IS THE SHIELD'S
FIGHT! HE'D WANT
TO SEE THIS THING
THROUGH ALONE!

DER WHOLE
WORLD SHALL
BE VITNESS
TO DER
**SHIELD'S
DOWNFALL!**
DER TRIUMPH
OF DER
MASTER
RACE!



NOW MY FATHER, DER HUN, SHALL BE AVENGED, SHIELD! AVENGED BEFORE DER WHOLE WORLD!

I'M READY, WHENEVER YOU ARE!

..AND A SHOWDOWN WITH YOU SUITS ME FINE! HERE I COME, HUN!



I DO NOT WASTE ANY TIME MIT YOU, SHIELD!



NOW, YOU DIE!

YOU KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS, DON'T YOU, HUN?

BUT HERE'S A \$64 QUESTION, THAT DOESN'T NEED AN ANSWER!

GET UP AND FIGHT! I DON'T NEED ANY NAZI TRICKS TO LICK YOU!



SPINELESS FOOL!
DO YOU THINK I
RESPECT YOUR
WEAKLING CODE OF
FAIR PLAY? DERE
ISS ONLY VUN LAW
VE NAZIS RESPECT..
SURVIVAL OF DER
STRONG!



**..UND DEATH
TO DER
VEAK!**



**OKAY,
THEN..
I'LL PLAY
THE GAME
YOUR WAY!**



**NOW, COME
OVER HERE...**



**.. AND GET A
DOSE OF
YOUR OWN
MEDICINE!!**

**ERNST..
HANS...
HURRY
IN HERE!**

**WELL, WELL! LOOKS
LIKE THE PURE-
BLOODED ARYAN
NEEDS A
TRANSFUSION!**



**HERE ARE
ALL MY MEN,
CURSE
DEM!**

**YOU SENT
THEM TO
GUARD THE
OUTSIDE!
REMEMBER?
WHEN YOU
WERE SO
COCK. SURE
OF LICKING
ME!**

**IN
BERLIN,
WHERE
HITLER
IS
AN
INTENT
SPECTATOR
....**

**FUEHRER!
DER HUN
RAN FROM
DER ROOM!
VOT CAN HAFF
HAPPENED?**

**IT ISS
ONLY A
STRATEGIC
RETREAT.
...I HOPE!**



AND BACK AGAIN IN F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS, WHERE EVERY EYE ALSO WAS GLUED TO THE TELEVISION RECEIVER...

WE'VE ALREADY TRACED THAT BROADCAST, CHIEF! DO WE GO AFTER THEM NOW?

YOU BET! THE SHIELD HAS THAT NAZI ON THE RUN!

...AND THOSE RATS WON'T STOP AT ANYTHING, NOW, TO GET HIM! LET'S GO, MEN!!

BOY! THIS CAVE STRETCHES A LONG WAY... SAY.. THIS MUST BE A DESERTED MINE!



A MINE CAR! DIS ISS - MY CHANCE TO SHAKE DOT ACCURSED SHIELD, OFF MY NECK!



GREAT GRAVY! THAT THING IS ROLLING RIGHT AT ME!



BUT NOT OVER ME!



NOW, HUN, THE CROSS. COUNTRY RACE IS OVER!?

Oooof!

PRETTY HANDY WITH YOUR FEET, AREN'T YOU?!



WELL, I'LL STICK TO FISTS!..



GET UP ON YOUR FEET, YOU TREACHEROUS DOG, SO I CAN FINISH YOU OFF!



YOU STUPID DOLT! YOU SHOULD HAVF DISARMED ME, VENN YOU HAD A CHANCE! FOR YOUR RIDICULOUS IDEAS OF FAIR PLAY, YOU VILL PAY.. MIT YOUR LIFE!!



BANG
BANG
BANG

... A SECTION OF IT GIVES WAY...

DESPERATELY THE SHIELD DUCKS THE HAIL OF DEATH, AND AS BULLETS SPATTER THE WALL...



JUMPING TOAD STOOLS! THIS MINE-SHAFT MUST RUN UNDER A STREAM!



DER VATER ISS RISING, SHIELD, I'VE HAD BETTER DECLARE A TRUCE!

THE DEVIL, WE WILL! YOU ASKED FOR A FIGHT TO THE FINISH, AND YOU'RE GOING TO GET IT!



SHIELD! DER TUNNEL IS FLOODING! VE MUSTN'T FIGHT ANYMORE, OR VE'LL DIE LIKE RATS! I.. I DON'T WANT TO DIE DOT VAY SHIELD!



WHY, YOU SNIVELLING MOUSE!.. WHAT'S THAT?.. SOUNDS LIKE HOOF BEATS!

YA.. I HEAR DEM TOO!



THEN A WEIRD MIST FORMS AND OUT OF IT A FIGURE EMERGES-ATTILA THE HUN...



..AND BEFORE THE SHIELD CAN RECOVER FROM HIS AMAZEMENT, A SWORD FLASHES DOWNWARD, AND...

YOU HAVE BEEN BEATEN, O, SON OF THE HUN! OUR POWER, THE POWER OF FORCE AND EVIL, IS ON THE WANE! NOW PREPARE TO JOIN ME, YOUR ANCESTOR, IN OBLIVION.

..AND AT THAT MOMENT, THE F.B.I. FIND THEIR WAY INTO THE NAZI LAIR...



SHOOT TO KILL, MEN!!



WELL, WE'VE ROUNDED THEM ALL UP, DUSTY.. BUT NO SIGN OF THE SHIELD, OR THE HUN!

GOLLY, CHIEF! DO YOU THINK THE HUN GOT HIM?

JUST THEN, AN F.B.I MAN RETURNS EXCITEDLY, AND LEADS THEM TO THE HUN HEADQUARTERS..

CHIEF! I TRACED THIS REAR ENTRANCE! IT LEADS TO A DESERTED MINE SHAFT!

LET'S FOLLOW IT, MEN! MAYBE THAT'S WHERE THEY WENT!



GOOD LORD! THIS TUNNEL IS FLOODING WITH WATER! IF THE SHIELD IS IN THERE WHY DOESN'T HE COME OUT, UNLESS... UNLESS...



GREAT HEAVENS! THE.. THE SHIELD! AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED!!



AND IN BERLIN..

VOT HAPPENED MIT DER HUN? VHY DOESN'T HE APPEAR BEFORE HIS TELEVISION SENDER AGAIN?

SURELY, HE HAS CONQUERED DER SHIELD, BY DIS TIME... VOT'S DOT? IT SOUNDED LIKE A HORSES HOOF BEATS!!



ATTILA, DER HUN!!



YES, FUEHRER! I CAME TO WARN YOU! OUR CAUSE IS FALLEN! ONCE BEFORE I APPEARED AND GAVE YOU POWER! NOW I COME TO WARN YOU OF YOUR DOOM!!

.. AND THEN SLOWLY AS THE BLUR ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN STARTS TO TAKE ON SHAPE, THERE APPEARS BEFORE THE STARTLED FUEHRER'S EYES...

THEN AS THE APPARITION FADES...

NO, NO! OURS IS A MIGHTY RACE! VE VILL NOT BE CONQUERED!

DER TELEVISION! IT'S STARTING TO VORK!

HERE IT IS, NAZIS!.. YOUR PICTURE, OF THINGS TO COME !!



YOU'VE ALREADY TASTED THE GROWING FORCE OF DEMOCRACY.. OUR COMMANDO RAIDS STRIKING LIKE PHANTOMS OF DEATH EVERYWHERE - ANYWHERE IT COULD FIND YOU!.."

"... IN THAT COFFIN OF THE NAZI SUPERMAN... **RUSSIA**, WHOSE ARMY HAD BEEN ANNIHILATED TWO YEARS AGO!.."



THESE SCHICKLGRUBER ARE YOUR ANSWERS TO THE CHALLENGE YOU SENT ME!.. WITH THE FINAL ANSWER TO COME!

"... ON THE BURNING DESERT SANDS OF AFRICA WHERE YOU WERE GOING TO BUILD THE **ETERNAL EMPIRE!**"

"...IN THE VERY STREETS OF THE COUNTRIES YOU'VE ALREADY CONQUERED!.."



THE END

IN THE CLEAR

a short short crime tale

THE moment he was ready to leave the teller's cage, Bill Milford heard them. Footsteps! They were coming slowly, shuffling, softly—

Then a key grated in a lock. He knew what would happen to a teller who was caught there at midnight without a good reason. A bank teller can't just walk into the building at midnight, when old Joe Waterman, the watchman, always went down by the furnace to eat his lunch, and walk off with five grand, as he did a few months before.

A bank would never stand for such irregularities. And Bill Milford was no exception. Fourteen years under the eagle eyes of Old Tim Beardsley, never giving thought of ever taking a red cent, then the day finally came.

But now he was back again on a different mission. To pay the money back. He needed the money in a hurry if Elsie was to live. The doctor told him he had to send

her south for at least a year, and the year was now up. Milford's young wife was back on her feet, but now—

A beam of light shot from a flashlight in the intruder's hand. A key grated in another lock, the lock on the cage in which he now crouched behind a large filing cabinet.

A man shuffled inside and flicked on the light, stared.

"Milford!" Old Tim Beardsley almost choked out the word. "What are you doing here at this hour?"

"Forgot something, and—er—had to attend to it before morning," Milford stammered, then smiled a bit maliciously. "And you?"

"I—I had an adjustment to make in a party's loan contract, and I—"

"Was that party—you?" Milford's voice was strange and accusing. "Why not lay the cards on the table, face up! I know this will finish me with the bank, but I'm satisfied, Beardsley. I can get work in New York. If

you really want to know why I came here tonight, I'll tell you."

He pushed a heavy ledger in front of the sharp eyes of Tim Beardsley, who gazed over his bifocals to read it.

"That's what I came here for tonight. To give back the money I'd taken. I just won twenty grand in a sweepstake. Now I'm in the clear with the bank, and you or no one else can prove that I took it. It's back with all references made in the files. So—"

"Then you're leaving our employ?" Beardsley's tone was optimistic. "You're leaving without even handing in your resignation?"

"Yes. I know you'll try to prove something."

"No, Billy, my boy. I won't say a word. I know it was too bad about your wife. I felt sorry for you and her. I always liked you, Billy, even though you did not think I did. But now you're leaving, so I'll tell you something. My son has been waiting for an opening here for a long time.

Now he'll get his chance, by you going."

Milford's eyes rested on the keys in the lock. Only he and Old Beardsley had a set to fit. Slowly, he moved to the door, then swiftly opened it, letting himself out and quickly slammed the door shut, leaving Beardsley locked inside.

"Milford!" Tim Beardsley's voice rang out with a resonant hollow sound that echoed throughout the building. "What are you doing?"

"Just doing what you've tried to do to me for a long time. Caging you up like an animal. Now you'll have some explaining to do in the morning!"

Beardsley was yelling like the trapped rodent he was; cursing Milford with his high-pitched caterwaul.

"Pipe down!" Milford shouted. "Do you want Joe Waterman to come up here? If he finds you there, he'll squawk. You won't have a chance. He don't like you a

little bit. He has a score to settle with you for trying to fire him."

Old Tim Beardsley continued his yelling, but Waterman did not appear, and Milford wondered why the old watchman did not come hobbling up the stairs. Then Beardsley answered the question for him.

"Waterman!" The head bookkeeper shouted. "He can't come up here. He's dead! I—" Beardsley's breath seemed to give way. "I'll get the chair! Let me out, Billy, and I'll—"

A bell drowned out the old bookkeeper's cries. The burglar alarm! Soon a cordon of police would come swarming on the scene, surrounding the bank with sub-machine guns drawn, tear-gas bombs.

But Billy Milford did not want to remain for the excitement. He dashed down the rear stairs and let himself out through the coal chute, then crept into the

shadows of adjacent buildings, when he heard the approach of screeching sirens. Then he went home to Elsie. He did not wake her. When she did wake he'd have to tell her. They would have to pack quickly and go to New York. It would break her heart, but . . .

In the morning Elsie sat up in bed reading the morning paper when Billy opened his eyes.

"Feeling better, dear?" he asked.

"Yes," her voice sounded much stronger, he thought, and filled with cheer.

"You ought to feel better when you read the paper, too. Your chance for promotion has come at last. There was an attempted robbery at your bank last night or early this morning. Mr. Waterman had been hit over the head and knocked unconscious, but he came back and shot and killed the man who he said was trying to rob the bank. Old Tim Beardsley!"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of Shield Wizard Comics, published quarterly at Holyoke, Mass., for October 1st, 1942. State of New York County of New York

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Louis H. Silberkleit, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of Shield Wizard Comics, and that the following, is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 337, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Louis H. Silberkleit, 168 West Broadway, New York City; editor, Harry Shorten, 168 West Broadway, New York City; managing editor,

John L. Goldwater, 168 West Broadway, New York City; business manager, Louis H. Silberkleit, 168 West Broadway, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) M. L. J. Magazine, Inc., 168 West Broadway, New York City; Louis H. Silberkleit, 168 West Broadway, New York City; Maurice Coyne, 168 West Broadway, New York City; John L. Goldwater, 168 West Broadway, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (if there are none so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where

the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is— (This information is required from daily publications only.)

LOUIS H. SILBERKLEIT

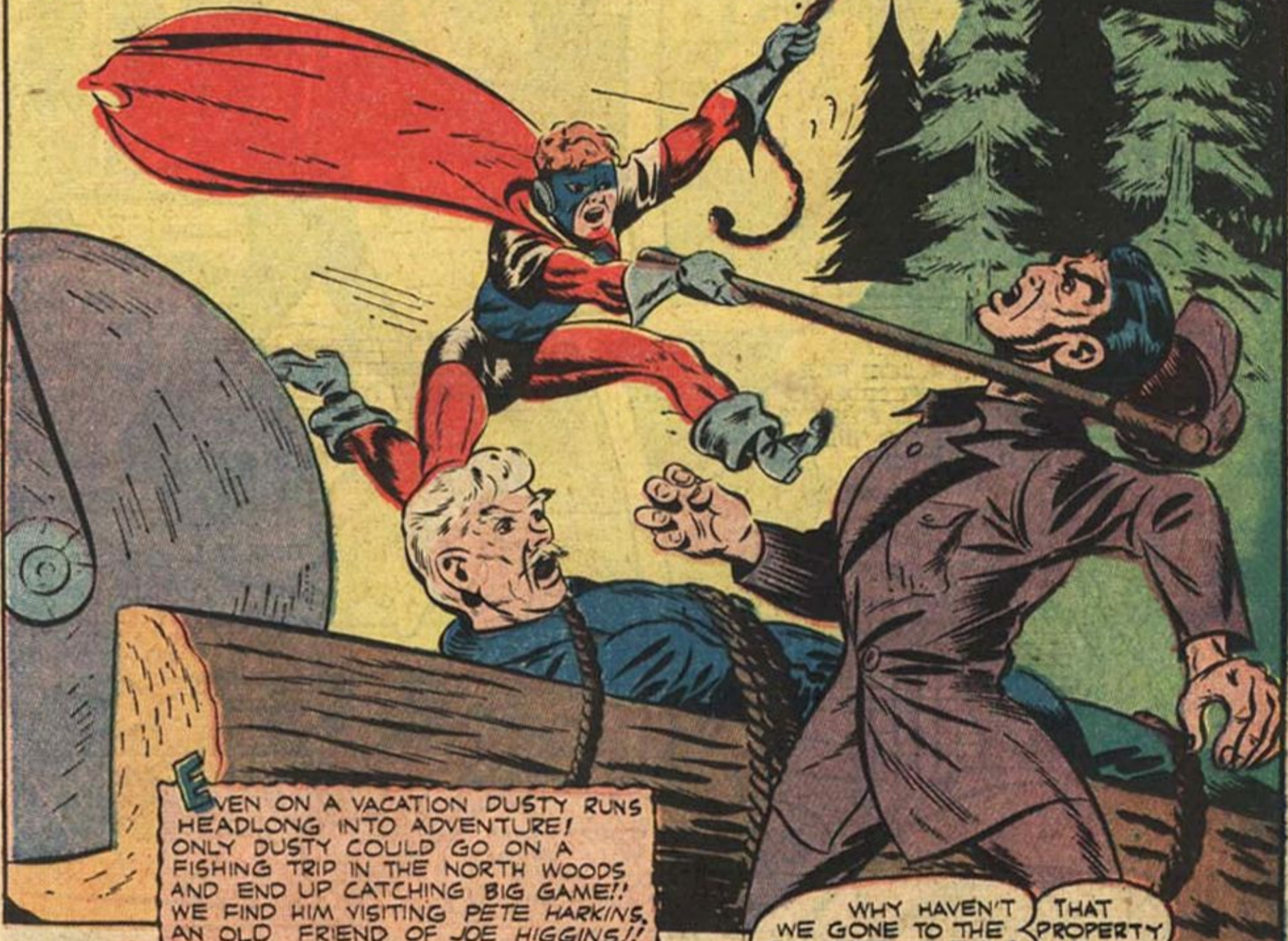
(Signature of Publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1942. Maurice Coyne, (My Commission expires March 31, 1944.)

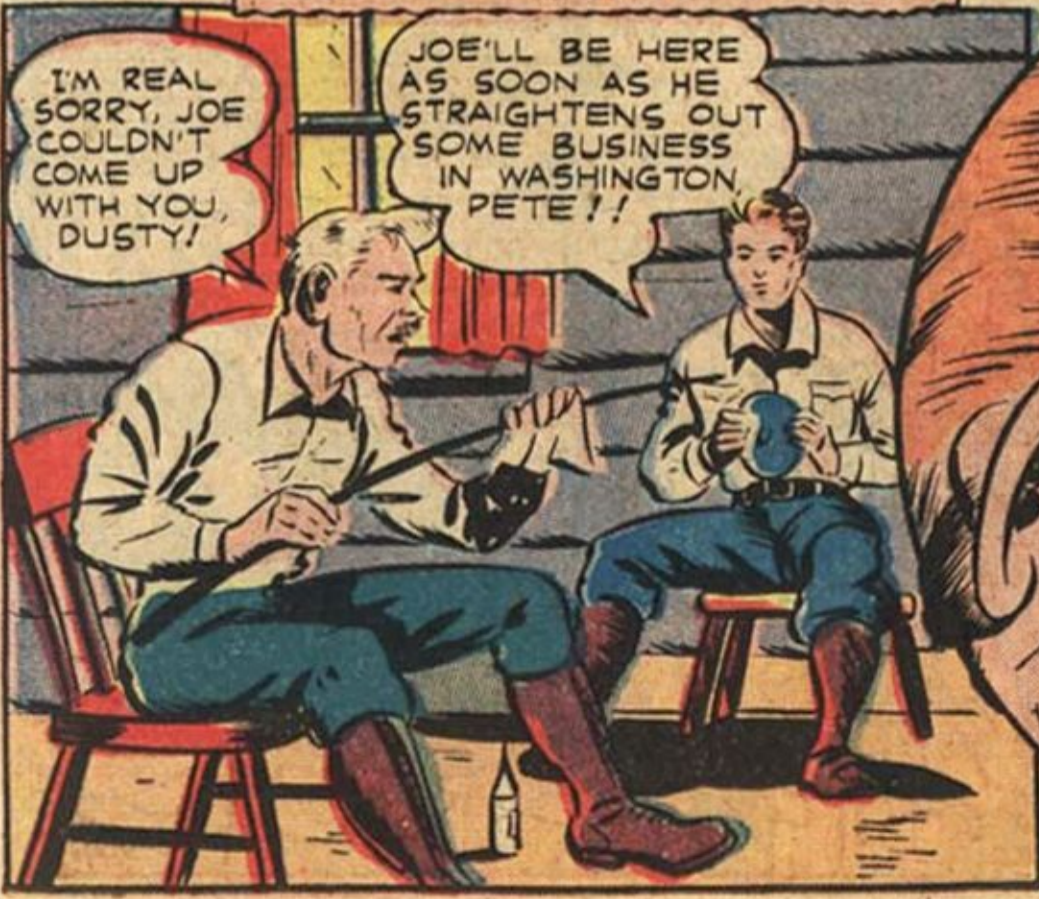
[SEAL]

DUSTY

THE SPECTACULAR
BOY DETECTIVE



EVEN ON A VACATION DUSTY RUNS HEADLONG INTO ADVENTURE! ONLY DUSTY COULD GO ON A FISHING TRIP IN THE NORTH WOODS AND END UP CATCHING BIG GAME!! WE FIND HIM VISITING PETE HARKINS, AN OLD FRIEND OF JOE HIGGINS!!



I'M REAL SORRY, JOE COULDN'T COME UP WITH YOU, DUSTY!

JOE'LL BE HERE AS SOON AS HE STRAIGHTENS OUT SOME BUSINESS IN WASHINGTON, PETE!!

WHY HAVEN'T WE GONE TO THE BIG DEEP TO FISH? WE CAUGHT SOME REAL WHOPPERS THERE LAST TIME!

THAT PROPERTY WAS BOUGHT BY ERNEST HERMANN! HE'S POSTED THE WHOLE PLACE! AS A KID HE WAS A BULLY, AN' HE'S WORSE NOW! HELL SHOOT ANYONE THAT TRESPASSES!!!



HE RUNS THE PLACE AS A COMBINATION LUMBER, CAMP, AND RESORT PLACE... BUT THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT IT! SPEAK OF THE DEVIL, HERE HE COMES!!



HELLO, PETE! I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU! I WANT YOU TO GUIDE SOME GUESTS OF MINE, TO THE OLD HUTTON CAMP!!



SORRY, I'M NOT INTERESTED!!



YOU'VE GOTTA DO IT! I'LL PAY DOUBLE RATES! YOU'RE THE ONLY GUIDE WHO CAN FOLLOW THE TRAIL!!

IT'S NO GO!! I DON'T WANT TO WORK FOR YOU, AND ANYHOW I'M BUSY! I'VE A GUEST!

YOU'LL BE SORRY, FOR THIS, PETE! YOU'VE BEEN GETTING TOO UPPITY FER YOUR OWN GOOD!



HE SURE IS A NASTY CUSTOMER !!!

DARN RIGHT! YOU KNOW I'M A DEPUTY SHERIFF, AND ALL I HOPE IS THAT SOMEDAY I'LL CATCH HIM PULLING A CROOKED DEAL!

NEXT MORNING...

I'M GOING DOWN TO THE MAIN ROAD, I'LL SEE IF THERE'S ANY MAIL! BE RIGHT BACK!!

O.K. PETE! I'LL FINISH WRITING THIS WHILE YOU'RE GONE!!



Dear Joe -
Having a swell vacation!
All I do is fish, eat, and
sleep! Wish you'd hurry on
up! You should see the size
of the trout I've been
catching!
See you soon...
Dusty

PETE'S BEEN GONE
OVER AN HOUR!
I'D BETTER GO
SEE WHAT'S
THE MATTER!

I HAVE A QUEER HUNCH THAT
PETE'S IN TROUBLE AND HERMANN'S
GOT SOMETHING TO
DO WITH
IT!!

IF ONLY
DUSTY
REALIZED
HOW
RIGHT
HIS
HUNCH
WAS!
FOR
AT
THAT
MOM.
ENT.
AT
HERMANN'S
CAMR..

CURSE YOUR
STUBBORNNESS,
HAWKINS! YOU'RE
GONNA GUIDE
ME AND MY
PARTY,
OR...

YOUR
THREATS DON'T SCARE ME,
HERMANN! AS SOON AS I
GET FREE, YOU'RE GONNA
BE ARRESTED FOR
KIDNAPPING!

THAT SETTLES
IT! HANS, LET'S
GET TO
WORK ON
THE OLD
FOOL!

MIT PLEASURE,
HERR
HERMANN!

SAY... THAT GUY MUST
BE ONE OF THE NAZIS,
WHO BROKE OUTTA THE
CONCENTRATION CAMP!
WHY YOU DIRTY
TRAITOR!.....

SURE HE
IS, HAWKINS!..

BUT WHEN
WE GET
THROUGH WITH
YOU, YOU
WON'T BE
ABLE TO TELL
ANYBODY
ELSE!!

OWWWW!

HERR HERMANN!
VE CHUST CAUGHT
A BOY TRYING TO
SNEAK INTO
OUR CAMP!

WHAT?.. THAT
MUST BE THE
KID, WHO'S A
FRIEND OF
HARKINS!
WHERE IS
HE??

OUTSIDE.. UNCONSCIOUS!!
HE FOUGHT LIKE DER
TEVEEL! IT TOOK
SIX OF US TO
SUBDUE HIM!!

BRING HIM
IN,
ADOLF!



Ooo...MY
HEAD..HERMANN
YOU RAT!
WHAT'RE
YOU DOING
WITH
PETE??

SHUT UP!..
TIE HIM IN
A CHAIR,
ADOLF!
CATCHING
HIM WAS
A STROKE
OF LUCK!

SO YOU'RE CONSCIOUS,
PETE! THAT'S FINE! I'M
HEATING UP THIS POKER
TO BURN OUT YOUR LOVING
FRIEND'S EYES AND TONGUE!
THAT IS UNLESS
YOU GUIDE US!

WHY YOU
LOWDOWN
DIRTY
DOG!

DON'T GUIDE
THEM, PETE!
DON'T GIVE
IN! REMEMBER
AS DEPUTY
SHERIFF, YOU
CAN'T HELP
THESE NAZIS
ESCAPE!



SEE! SEE
HOW THE HEAT
BURNS HIS LASHES,
BEFORE THE
POKER IS EVEN
NEAR HIS EYES!

STOP!!
STOP, I SAY!!
I'LL GUIDE YOU,
BUT TAKE THAT
POKER AWAY
FROM DUSTY'S
EYES!!

HA, HA... TALK
WHILE YOU
CAN, YOU
BRAT!

SOON YOU'LL
BE WITHOUT A
TONGUE...
AND YOU'LL
NEVER TALK
AGAIN!!

HERMANN,
YOU FIEND!
YOU COULDN'T
!!!





I'LL GUIDE YOU BUT, REMEMBER, YOU'VE PROMISED NOT TO HURT, DUSTY!

DON'T WORRY, PETE! IF YOU GUIDE US, I PROMISE, WE'LL LEAVE DUSTY UNHARMED!!



HA-HA. VOT A JOKE! HERMANN PROMISED PETE, VE'D LEAVE YOU UNHARMED, AND VE VILL! BUT THIS DYNAMITE VILL BLOW YOU UP AFTER VE LEAVE! CLEVER HA, HA??

WHY YOU FILTHY TRAITOR! WAIT TILL THE F.B.I DOES CATCH UP WITH YOU!



I VON'T EVEN BOTHER TO BURN UP DER SECRET PAPERS! DER EXPLOSION VILL DO DOT FOR ME!!



GOSH! IF I COULD ONLY GET THESE ROPES OFF! THEY SURE TIED 'EM THOROUGHLY!



MAYBE! IF I CAN TIP THIS CHAIR SO, THAT I FALL ACROSS THE FUSE!!



THAT DOES IT! THE FUSE IS BURNING THRU THE ROPE!!



I'LL LET THE PLACE BLOW UP! THAT'LL MAKE 'EM THINK I'M OUT OF THE WAY! HMM... MAYBE I CAN USE SOME OF THESE!



NOW IF I CAN ONLY CATCH THEM, BEFORE THEY CROSS THE RIVER!

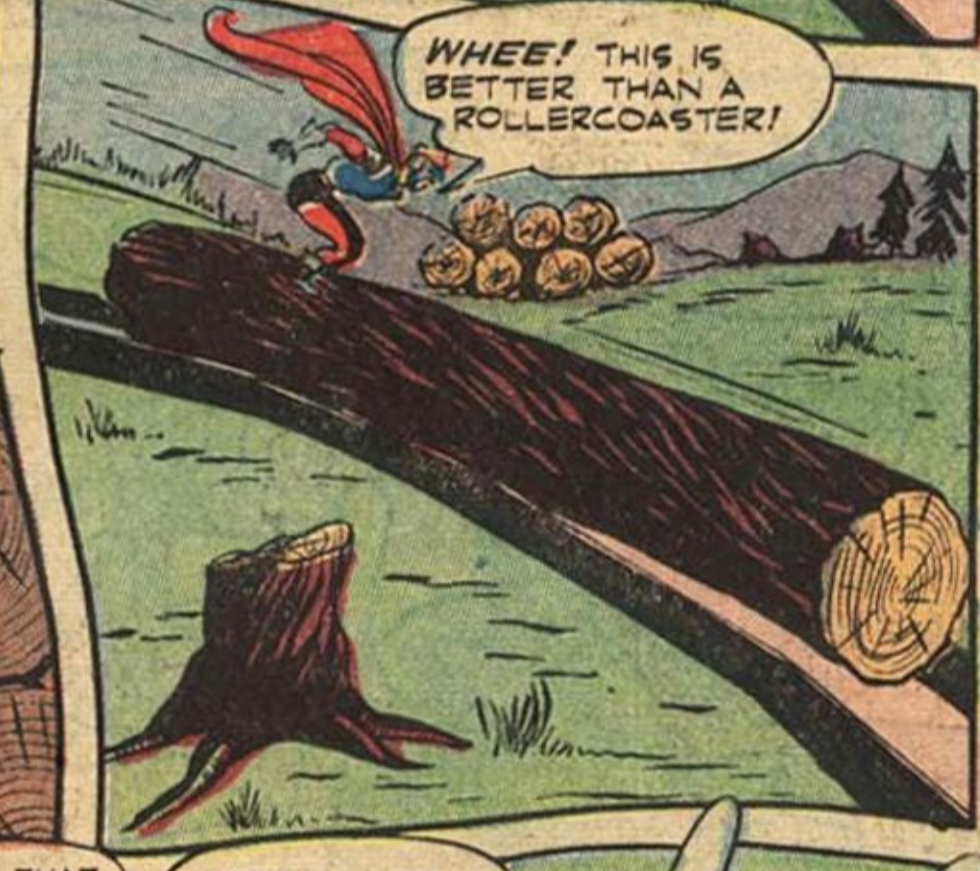
BOY! I'M SURE GLAD I DIDN'T STAY FOR THAT SEND OFF INTO ETERNITY!

THERE THEY ARE! LOADING THE CANOES! BOY HOWLL I GET DOWN IN TIME! IT'S A GOOD HALF MILE!!

A LOG CHUTE! THIS'LL DO IT!!



IF I CAN GET THIS LOG ON THE CHUTE, I'LL HAVE A PRIVATE EXPRESS TO THE RIVER!



WHEE! THIS IS BETTER THAN A ROLLERCOASTER!



IT'S LUCKY THAT THEY'RE RIGHT BELOW THE BEND IN THE RIVER! THEY CAN'T SEE ME!



HERE'S WHERE I GET OFF! I CAN'T LET THE T.N.T. GET WET!

WHAT A BREAK!
HERE'S THE LOG-
JAM! WITH THIS
T.N.T. I CAN GIVE
THE BOYS A
NICE SURPRISE!

THIS SURE
TAKES FOOTWORK!
I'D HATE TO
FALL IN THE
PATH OF THIS
JAM, WHEN
IT BREAKS
LOOSE!

AND NOW TO GET
PETE OUT OF THE WAY!
I HOPE I'M IN TIME!!



A HUGE LOG-CRESTED WAVE CAUSED
BY THE EXPLOSION HURTTLES DOWN
ON THE CANOES....

HANS!
JUMP!

LOOK, PETE, THEY'LL
DROWN, WE'D BET-
TER GET OUT
OF HERE!



I'D LIKE TO GET
MY HANDS ON THAT
GUY WHO BLEW
UP THAT JAM!

HI, PAL!...
LOOKING
FOR ME?

HUH!...
WHAT IN...

WHAT YOU
NEED IS A LITTLE
PADDLING! IT'S
GOOD FOR THE
MORALE!!





TAKE THAT YOU BRAT! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU GOT ONTO MY TRAIL!



.. BUT YOU'RE NOT GONNA GET ME!



WAIT FOR ME, PAL!



HA!.. I'VE GOT YOU, WHERE I WANT YOU! I'M THE LOG-ROLLING CHAMP IN THESE PARTS, AND...



-AND YOU'RE THE EX-CHAMP, NOW, PAL!

A PRECARIOUS CHASE ENSUES, AS DUSTY FLITS FROM LOG TO LOG! IN PURSUIT! OF HERMANN, UNTIL...

AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS...

Later

HI, PETE! SOME CHAP IN A UNIFORM HANDED HERMANN OVER TO ME! HE SAID I SHOULD DELIVER HIM TO YOU PERSONALLY! GOSH! YOU CAUGHT SOME OF THE NAZIS!

YEP! COUNTING HERMANN, THERE, THE SCORE'S PERFECT! C'MON, LET'S MARCH 'EM DOWN TO THE TOWN JAIL! GOSH! I'D SURE LIKE TO KNOW WHO THAT BOY IN UNIFORM WAS! HE KINDA LOOKED A BIT LIKE YOU!

FIRST CHANCE I'VE HAD SINCE I WAS DEPUTY SHERIFF TO MAKE A REALLY IMPORTANT CAPTURE! WASN'T THE SHERIFF SURPRISED, WHEN WE DRAGGED IN THE PRISONER?

YEAH! 'SCUSE ME, PETE I GOTTA POST THIS LETTER TO JOE!..

JUST GOT A LETTER FROM DUSTY, CHIEF! SAYS, ALL HE DOES IS FISH, EAT, AND SLEEP! I'M GLAD HE'S GETTING A REST!

HA, HA, THAT'S FUNNY! I JUST HAD A REPORT FROM OUR NORTH DIVISION, THAT A BOY ANSWERING DUSTY'S DESCRIPTION, AND PETE, THE GUIDE, ROUNDED UP SOME NAZIS AND FIFTH COLUMNISTS! SOUNDS LIKE A SWELL VACATION FOR DUSTY!



JEST JOKES



FIRST GUY-EVERY TIME I SEE YOU, YOU REMIND ME OF MOE!
SECOND GUY-BUT I DON'T LOOK LIKE MOE!
FIRST GUY-I KNOW IT, BUT HE ALSO OWES ME FIVE BUCKS!



ULK! THIS IS GETTIN' TO BE A PAIN IN THE NECK!

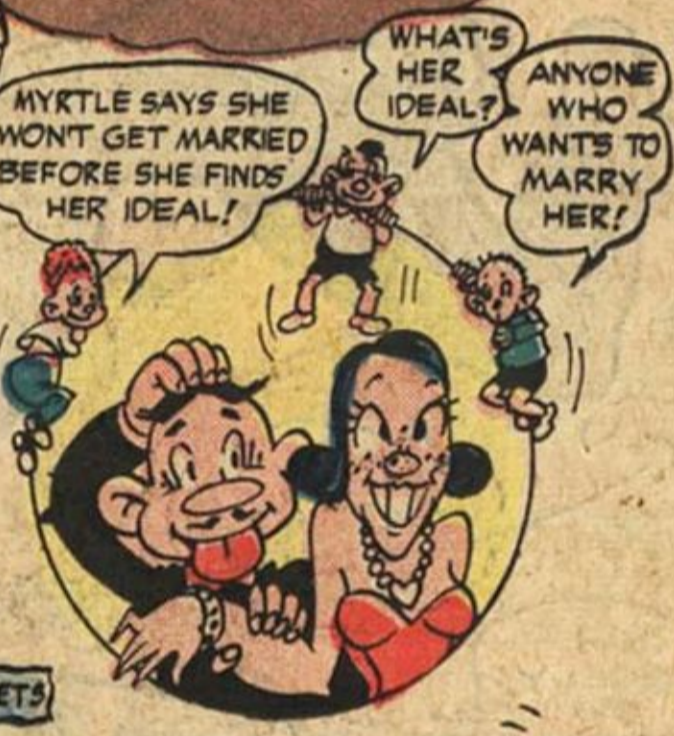
MR. GLEEP WAS SITTING DOWN TO READ HIS PAPER ONE EVENING WHEN HE WAS ASTOUNDED TO SEE THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF HIS OWN DEATH IN THE OBITUARY COLUMN. HE RANG UP HIS FRIEND MR. RANESSCHNERRD AT ONCE. "HAVE YOU SEEN THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF MY DEATH IN THE PAPER?" HE ASKED. "YES," REPLIED RANESSCHNERRD, "WHERE ARE YOU SPEAKING FROM?"



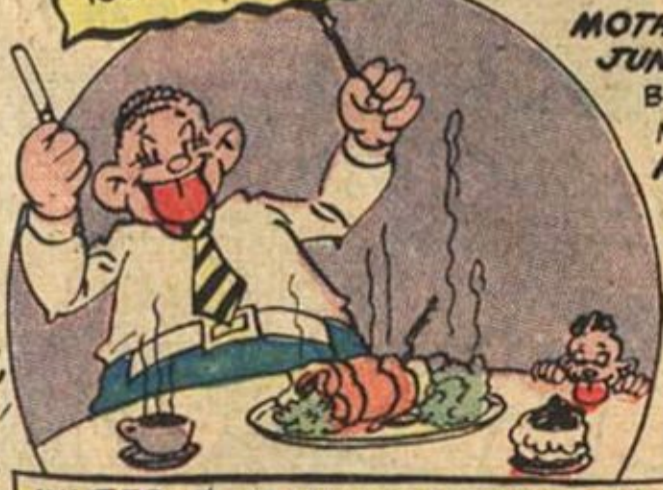
I WON'T GIVE YOU A CENT, YOU'RE TOO DIRTY!
 BUT, MA'M, IT'S TO BUY ME SOME SOAP!



AIR-POCKETS



JUNIOR- MOMMY, WHO MADE ME?
MOTHER- GOD!
JUNIOR- AND WHO BRINGS ME CHRISTMAS PRESENTS?
MOTHER- SANTA CLAUS!
JUNIOR- THEN WHAT THE HECK IS POP HANGING AROUND FOR?



WAITER- THAT GENTLEMAN OVER THERE SAYS HIS SOUP ISN'T FIT FOR A PIG!
MANAGER- THEN TAKE IT AWAY, YOU FOOL, AND BRING HIM SOME THAT IS!



Roy



LITTLE GIRL- SAY, POP, DID YOU FLIRT WHEN YOU WERE YOUNG?
POP- WHY, YES! QUITE A LOT!

LITTLE GIRL- WERE YOU PUNISHED FOR IT?
POP- VERY MUCH- I HAD TO MARRY YOUR MOTHER!

REGISTERED
UNITED STATES
PATENT
OFFICE

THE WIZARD

WITH **ROY.**
THE **SUPER-BOY**



OH GOLLY!
OH GOLLY!



THE "CHRONICLE"
OFFICES PLEASE!
AND HURRY!

I CAN'T
WAIT UNTIL
I SEE BLANE!

YES,
MA'AM!





MY "SECRET"! HMMMM---



IS IT POSSIBLE THAT SOMEONE KNOWS THAT I'M THE WIZARD! WOULD THAT BE WHAT HE TOLD JANE? -- BUT SHE WOULDN'T PUT THAT IN HER COLUMN ----

...OR WOULD SHE?



ROY! ROY!



WHAT'S A TROUBLE BLANE?

COME IN HERE AND CLOSE THE DOOR!



LISTEN, ROY! I'VE JUST FOUND OUT THAT THERE'S A POSSIBILITY SOME ONE MAY KNOW I'M THE WIZARD!

WHAT?



I THINK WE HAD BETTER DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING!

O'BOY! ACTION!

WAIT A MINUTE! NOT SO FAST-- WE'LL GO AS WE ARE, AS BLANE WHITNEY AND ROY CARTER!

OH! OKAY!



AND SO-A SHORT TIME LATER---

HERE'S THE SPOT, ROY! LET'S GO!

SWAMI RIVERS
ONE FLIGHT UP

MEANWHILE - WITHIN THE SPIRITUALIST'S HALLS---

HAH! DIS ISS DER PERFECT FALSE FRONT FOR OUR SHPY HEADQUARTERS!

YESS - AS LONG AS WE HAVE OUR MOORISH FRIEND TO PLAY AT BEING MYSTIC - HA, HA!

JA - DER POOR SAP! HE STILL THINKS HE ISS DER ONE VOT DOES ALL DER TRICKS!

YES - SS!

QUIET FOOLS! HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU NOT TO TALK WHEN HE'S AROUND!



NEXT TIME -- REMEMBER!



THERE'S A CUSTOMER AT THE DOOR SWAMI! NOW REMEMBER -- NO SLIPS!

YES, SIR!



AH - COME IN GENTLEMEN!

THANK YOU!



MY NAME IS ----!

WAIT! I WILL TELL YOU!

YOU ARE BLANE WHITNEY! AND YOU HAVE COME HERE BECAUSE YOUR FIANCEE TOLD YOU ABOUT ME AND YOU WISH TO SEE MY POWER! VERY WELL! YOU SHALL SEE MY POWER!!



LOOK ME IN THE EYE, MR. WHITNEY!
I'LL SHOW YOU MY SUPERIOR
POWER - I'LL MAKE YOU
FLOAT IN MID-AIR!
LOOK AT ME!!!



YOU ARE NOW
GOING TO RISE OFF
THE GROUND BECAUSE
MY MIND IS SO MUCH
MORE POWERFUL THAN
YOURS!



HMMM!
GUESS I'LL HAVE
TO USE A LITTLE
OF MY OWN
POWER!

WHAT'S HAPPENING?
I'M FLOATING!
HALP!



THE WEAKER
MIND, MY
FRIEND!

GEE!



HOW'D YOU
DO IT, BLANE?

DON'T FORGET, ROY!
I KNOW A LITTLE ABOUT
THIS MYSTICISM MYSELF!

LEMME
DOWN!



FURTHER MORE -
THIS GUY IS A FAKE!
HE DOESN'T KNOW
THE FIRST THING
ABOUT LEVITATION!

STOP IT,
I SAY!



SUDDENLY

THAT'S
FUNNY!

GET OUT
OF HERE!
GET OUT!

ALL RIGHT,
WE'RE GOING!
AND THANKS
FOR THE
DEMONSTRATION!

OUTSIDE
WHY'D YOU
SAY THAT'S
FUNNY WHEN
YOU LET HIM
DOWN, BLANE?

THAT'S JUST
IT - I *DIDN'T*
LET HIM
DOWN!
SOMEONE
ELSE
FORCED
HIM DOWN!
THERE WAS A
VERY POWERFUL
MIND IN THERE
AND IT WASN'T
HIS!



WE'RE GOING BACK, KID! AND THIS TIME AS THE WIZARD AND ROY!

HOT DOG!



COME ON! WE'LL GO UP THAT FIRE ESCAPE!



ALEZ-OOP!



CATCH A HOLD, WIZARD!



IN HERE!



SSSHH!



WHA...?

THE LIGHTS!



AHA-AA!





THIEVES, EH! ROBBERS!
TRYING TO STEAL SOME
OF MY SECRETS!
WHO ARE YOU?



WE HAVEN'T TIME
TO FOOL WITH YOU,
YOU JUST HANG
UP THERE OUT
OF THE WAY FOR
A WHILE!

HALP!

HA, HA!



C'MON, ROY! WE'VE A
LITTLE INVESTIGATING
TO DO!

RIGHT ON
YOUR HEELS,
WIZARD!



OH,
OH!

DER SVAMI
HAS BEEN GONE
A LONG TIME!
MAY BE I SHOULD
GO LOOK!

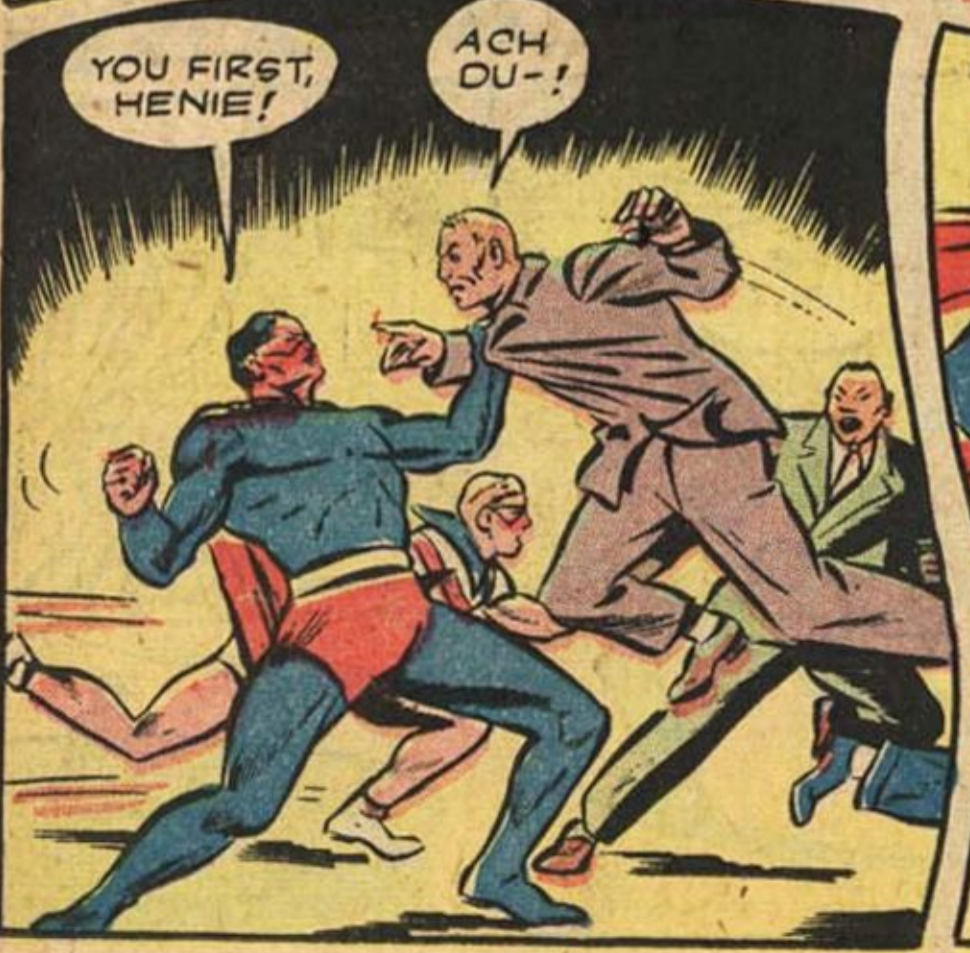
BE STILL -
I'M CONTACTING
THE FUEHRER!



MENTAL TELEPATHY! SO THAT'S
IT! WELL LET'S SEE IF YOU UNDER-
STAND THE PHYSICAL
APPROACH!

VOT
DER?

YAHOO!



YOU FIRST,
HENIE!

ACH
DU-!



HERE I
COME SLANT
EYES!

LITTLE
DEVIL!

BUT ROY DOESN'T DO SO WELL --

YI!
JIU-JITSU!

TRY A GOOD
OLD AMERICAN
FIST!

NOW WHERE'S
THE TELEPATHIST?



THIS GUY IS A **REAL** MYSTIC AND AXIS AGENT! HE'S BEEN SENDING MESSAGES TO GERMANY BY **TELEPATHY** INSTEAD OF SHORT-WAVE - VERY **INGENIOUS!** HE WAS THE ONE WHO BROUGHT THE SWAMI DOWN WHEN I HAD HIM FLOATING! NOW LET'S CALL THE F.B.I.!

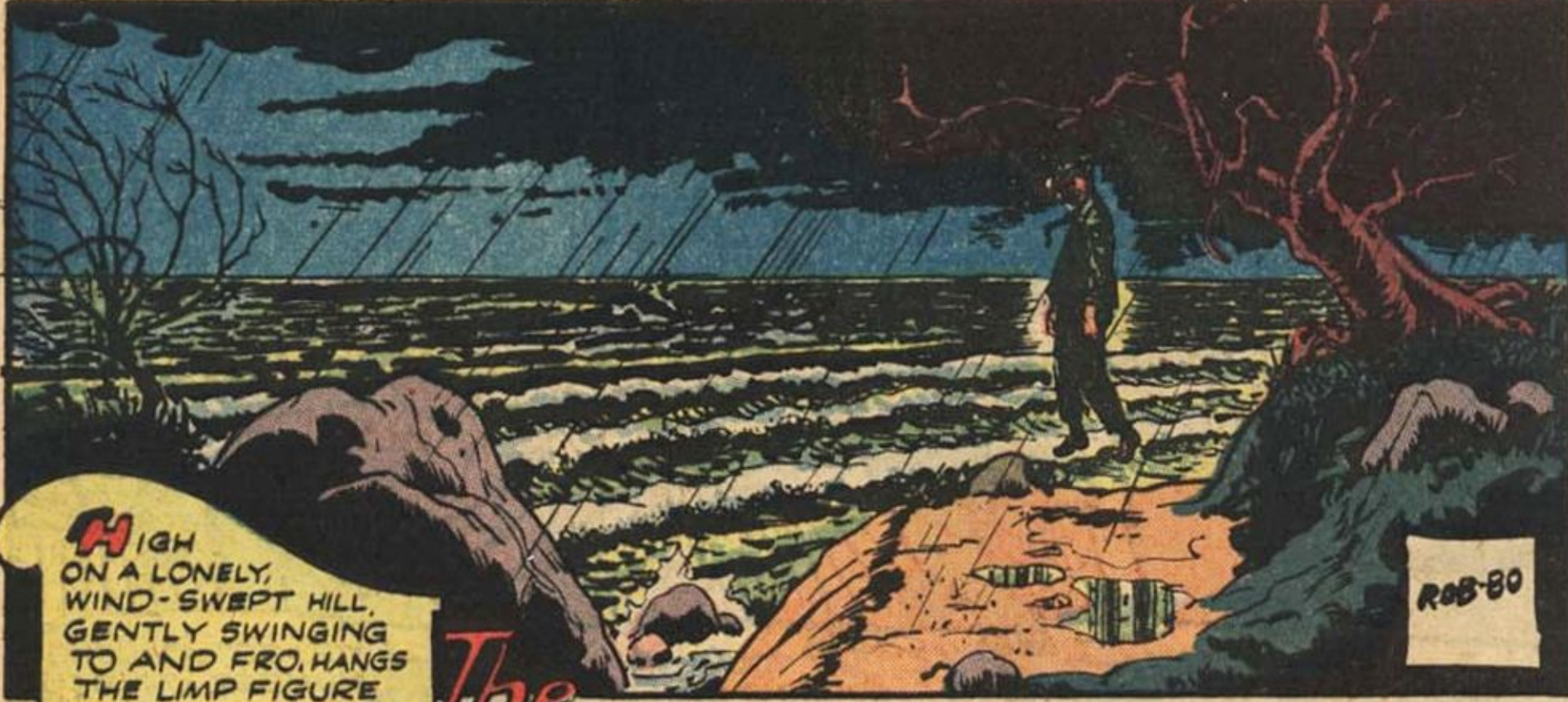
BATER--

JANE!
WHAT DID YOU
FIND OUT ABOUT
ME FROM THE
SWAMI?

WELL-L-L!
ALL-RIGHT!
HE TOLD
ME THAT
YOUR MIDDLE
NAME IS -
DINGLEBOTTOM!

(GULP) NOW HOW
DID HE EVER FIND
THAT OUT?





HIGH ON A LONELY, WIND-SWEPT HILL, GENTLY SWINGING TO AND FRO, HANGS THE LIMP FIGURE OF WHAT WAS ONCE A RESPECTABLE MEMBER OF THE HUMAN RACE! HIS FELLOW MEN, THE PEOPLE HE GREW UP WITH, DECIDED HIS FATE, HANGED HIM FOR MURDER, THE MURDER OF THE VILLAGE MAYOR! HASTY PEOPLE, THESE VILLAGERS! WITHOUT A TRIAL THEY HANGED HIM FROM A TREE LIMB, AND LEFT HIM SWINGING IN THE RAIN!

The

WIZARD

and ROY the SUPER BOY!

ROB-80

WAS HE GUILTY OR NOT? THE STORM CLOUDS GATHER OVERHEAD TO FORM THEIR VERDICT!

AND A CHARGE OF LIGHTNING THAT WOULD BRING DEATH TO THE LIVING, BRINGS LIFE TO THE DEAD--



WHAT AM I DOING HERE? HOW DID I --- OH YES! THE MOB! THE PEOPLE -- THEY LEFT ME HERE TO DIE! BUT I DIDN'T DIE! HA, HA, THAT'S A GOOD ONE -- I DIDN'T DIE!

I WAS INNOCENT, YET THEY HANGED ME! INNOCENT! BUT THEY COULDN'T WAIT FOR ME TO PROVE IT! NO! HANG HIM, HANG HIM! WELL I'LL PROVE IT NOW! I'LL SHOW THEM ALL!

SYLVIA! FIRST I'VE GOT TO FIND SYLVIA! SHE CAN HELP ME! SHE CAN TELL THEM!

MY NECK FEELS SO STRANGE! I WISH I COULD HOLD MY HEAD UP! WHAT WAS THAT?

OH, IT'S ONLY A DOG, -- SNYDER'S DOG! WHAT'S A MATTER SPOT! DON'T YOU KNOW ME?

C'MERE, BOY, YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING TO BE MAD AT ME ABOUT! I'M YOUR OLD PAL RE-MEMBER?

HE'S DEAD! IT WAS JUST AS THO' LIGHTNING STRUCK HIM -- AND ALL I DID WAS PAT HIM WITH MY HAND! STRANGE, I DIDN'T FEEL ANYTHING!

YOUWR



I MUST FIND SYLVIA!
SYLVIA CAN TELL ME
WHAT HAS HAPPENED!
DEAR SYLVIA, MY
BELOVED!



I'M COMING BACK SYLVIA!
YOU KNEW I WAS INNOCENT,
SYLVIA! YOU CRIED WHEN
THEY TOOK ME AWAY,
BUT DRY YOUR TEARS
DARLING, I'M BACK,
I'M BACK!



TIM



TIM! YOU'RE DEAD! I
SAW THEM HANG YOU,
MYSELF! TIM, WHY
ARE YOU LOOK-
ING AT ME
LIKE THAT?



L-LOOK TIM, I DON'T
WANTA GET TOUGH, BUT
Y-YOU AIN'T GOT NO RIGHT
TO COME BACK HERE!
YOU'RE DEAD! SYLVIA'S
MY GIRL NOW! GO
BACK TO YOUR
GRAVE!



**TIM!
DON'T!
DON'T
TIM!**

GHOST OR NO
GHOST, TIM
I'M GONNA
LET YOU
HAVE IT!



AHGGGT!

ZZZZZZ
ZAT



AT THE SAME MOMENT THE WIZARD AND ROY ARE JUST CHECKING IN AT THE VILLAGE HOTEL--

I'M INTERESTED IN THE TIM PETERS' CASE! WHEN IS HIS TRIAL TO BE HELD?

WELL--THAT IS--ER--

BLANE! DID YOU HEAR THAT SCREAM?



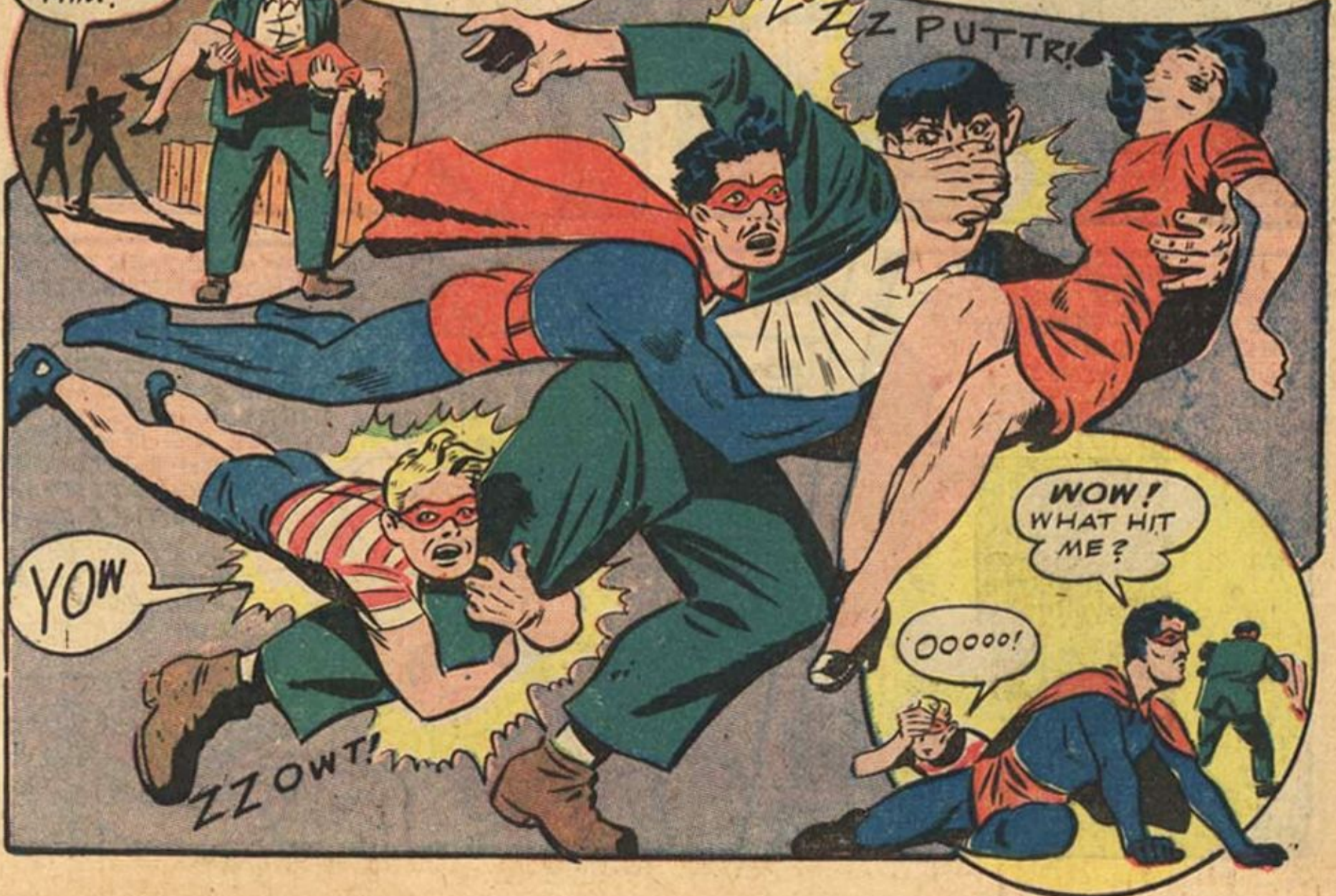
IT CAME FROM DOWN THIS STREET!

IT SURELY SOUNDED LIKE SOMEONE WAS IN TROUBLE!



BLANE LOOK! LET'S GET HIM!

I DIDN'T MEAN TO DO IT, SYLVIA? I COULDN'T HELP IT, SYLVIA!



ZZ PUTTRI!

WOW! WHAT HIT ME?

Oooooo!

YOW

ZZOWT!

THE NEWS SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE! THE VILLAGERS FORM A POSSE TO CATCH THE MONSTER THAT CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD-----

HA-HA! YOU'LL NOT GET ME THIS TIME!

THERE HE GOES--
GET HIM!
GET HIM!



WHICH WAY DID HE GO?

HE WENT THIS WAY--

NO-THIS WAY!

HALF OF YOU GO THAT WAY!
THE REST COME WITH US!



THEY'RE GONE! NOW I'LL GO BACK TO THE VILLAGE! I'LL SHOW THEM! THEY'LL THINK TWICE BEFORE THEY HANG A MAN WITHOUT A TRIAL AGAIN!



I MUST FIND GORTH!
HE'S THE ONE! HE'S THE ONE WHO SHOULD HAVE BEEN HANGED, NOT ME!
BUT THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME, I'VE GOT TO FIND GORTH!



MEANWHILE, THE WIZARD AND ROY, RECOVER FROM THE SHOCK OF CONTACTING THE "MONSTER" FORM A PLAN OF STRATEGY---

ROY, THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THIS WHOLE SET-UP! WHEN THE MAYOR WAS MURDERED, THEY LYNCHED TIM ON CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE! WE'VE GOT TO GO TO THE MAYOR'S HOME AND GET THE WHOLE STORY!

THAT'S HIS HOUSE UP ON THE HILL! I SAW THREE MEN GO IN THERE RIGHT AFTER THE MOB WENT AFTER THE "MONSTER"-ER, I MEAN TIM!



AT THE MAYOR'S HOME--

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO GORTH? IF THE VILLAGERS FIND OUT YOU KILLED THE MAYOR JUST TO GET HIS OFFICE, YOU'LL BE NEXT!

A LOT YOU'VE GOT TO TALK ABOUT! WE'RE ALL IN IT! AS THE TOWN'S TREASURER YOU FIXED THE BOOKS TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE TIM STOLE THE MONEY AND JOE HERE LED THE LYNCHING SCHEME!

WHAT WAS THAT?

CLICK

TIM!

YOU, GORTH! I'VE COME FOR YOU!

TIM... WAIT... LISTEN
TIM... NO... NO!
YOU CAN'T TIM!
I CAN EXPLAIN!

WIZARD, LOOK!
THE MONSTER!

AAHGGG!

CRASH

NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO MAKE OUR GET-AWAY!

YEH! HURRY UP!

HERE I COME, WIZARD!
OH, OH!



GOOD WORK, ROY! I WANTED TO TALK TO THESE BIRDS!
WE AIN'T GOT NOTHIN' TO SAY TO YOU!



UNNOTICED BY THE OTHERS TIM STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET----



ZZATT SLUG!



NOW, GORTH! YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR THIS!

NO, NO, TIM! I'LL CONFESS! I DID IT! I KILLED THE MAYOR! YOU'RE INNOCENT, TIM! I DIDN'T MEAN TO DO IT! I NEEDED THE MONEY! HONEST, TIM!



THE WIZARD TRIES TO WARD OFF TIM'S REVENGEFUL ATTACK!



YOU DON'T DIE WHEN YOU TOUCH ME! YOU ARE STRONG - BUT I AM STRONGER!



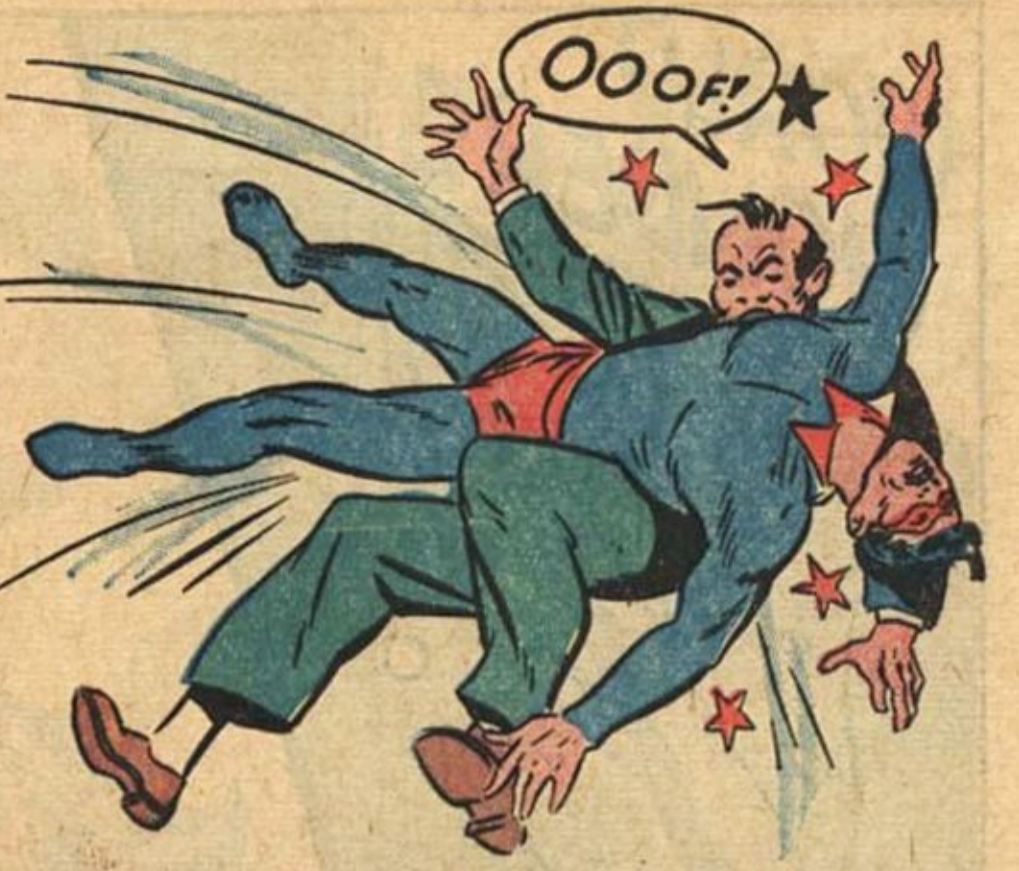
I SHALL GET MY REVENGE AND YOU WILL NOT STOP ME!



FEIGNING A FORWARD ATTACK THE MONSTER CATCHES THE WIZARD OFF GUARD ---



HA, HA, HAHA!
I GIVE YOU
YOUR PRO-
TECTOR,
GORTH!



OOOF!



YOU CAN'T DO
THAT TO THE
WIZARD AND
GET AWAY
WITH IT!



OOOF!

THE MONSTER STUMBLES
BACKWARD UNDER THE
IMPACT-AGAINST A STEEL
RADIATOR, BURSTING INTO
FLAMES ---



ZZZZZZAT

COME ON, ROY! WE CAN'T
SAVE HIM! THE WHOLE HOUSE
IS ON FIRE! I'VE GOT THESE
TWO, GRAB THAT OTHER
MAN!



GOT HIM,
WIZARD!

THE FIRE BRINGS THE
POSSE BACK ---

HERE'S YOUR REAL KILLERS,
MEN! BOTH ROY AND I
HEARD THEM CONFESS TO
FIXING THE TREASURY BOOKS
AND MURDERING
YOUR MAYOR!



IF YOU HAD TAKEN TIME TO HAVE
A FAIR TRIAL FOR TIM, YOU WOULD
HAVE FOUND THAT OUT FOR
YOURSELF! BUT THIS OTHER
MAN HERE HAD YOU LYNCH
TIM FOR IT! TIM'S GONE FOR
GOOD NOW, BUT JUST RE-
MEMBER FROM NOW ON THAT
THIS IS AMERICA, WHERE MOB
RULE IS OUT, AND JUSTICE
PREVALES!

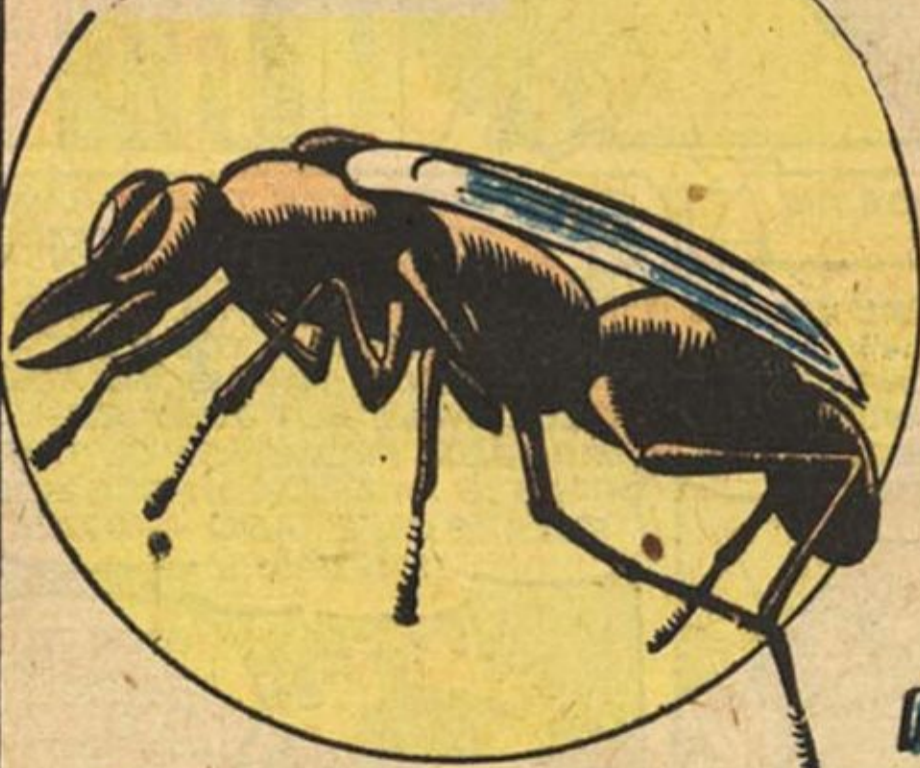


POOR TIM!
HE HAD TO
PAY FOR OUR
STUPIDITY!

WORLD WONDERS



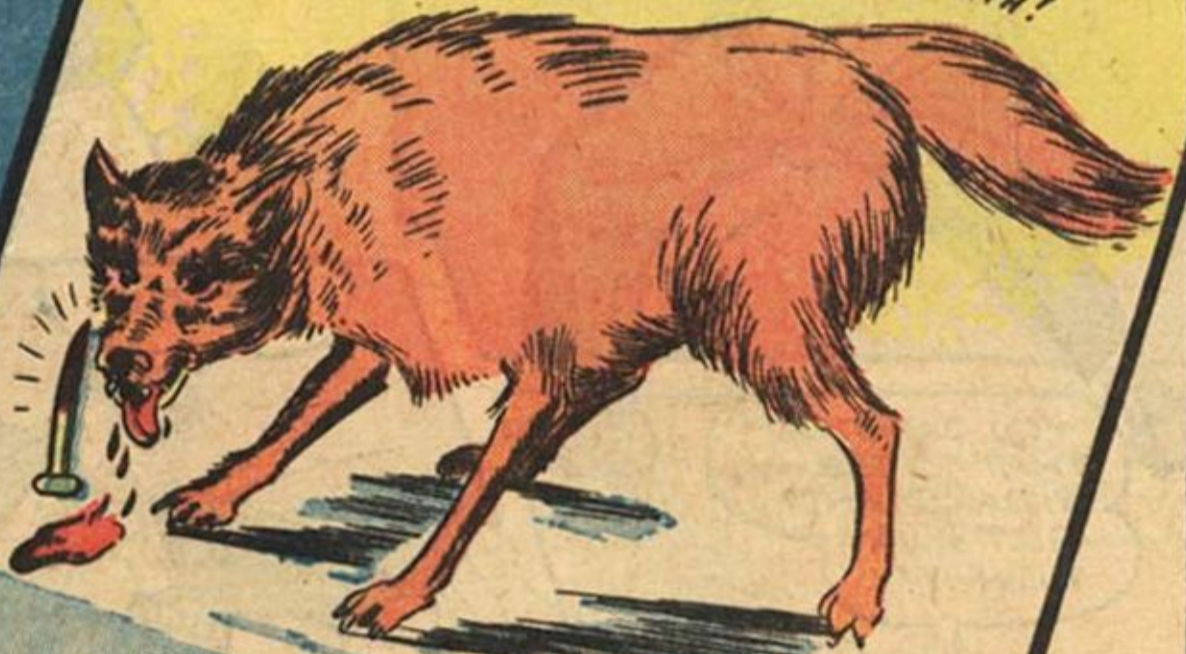
THE OCEAN HITCH HIKER IS THE HALOBATE, AN INSECT WHICH IS OFTEN FOUND MANY THOUSANDS OF MILES FROM LAND, RIDING ON FLOATING WEED.



THE MISKITO INDIANS OF HONDURAS MAKE USE OF THE STRONG CLAMP LIKE JAWS OF THE SOLDIER PARASOL ANT TO CLOSE THEIR WOUNDS.....

A WOLF SUICIDE

AN ESKIMO CAN CAUSE A WOLF TO COMMIT SUICIDE... A WHALEBONE KNIFE IS PLACED UP IN THE SNOW, THE WOLF IS ATTRACTED TO THE BLOOD-COVERED BLADE AND CUTS HIS TONGUE, THE TASTE OF BLOOD EXCITES HIS APPETITE AND HE CUTS HIMSELF MORE AND MORE UNTIL HE FINALLY BLEEDS TO DEATH!



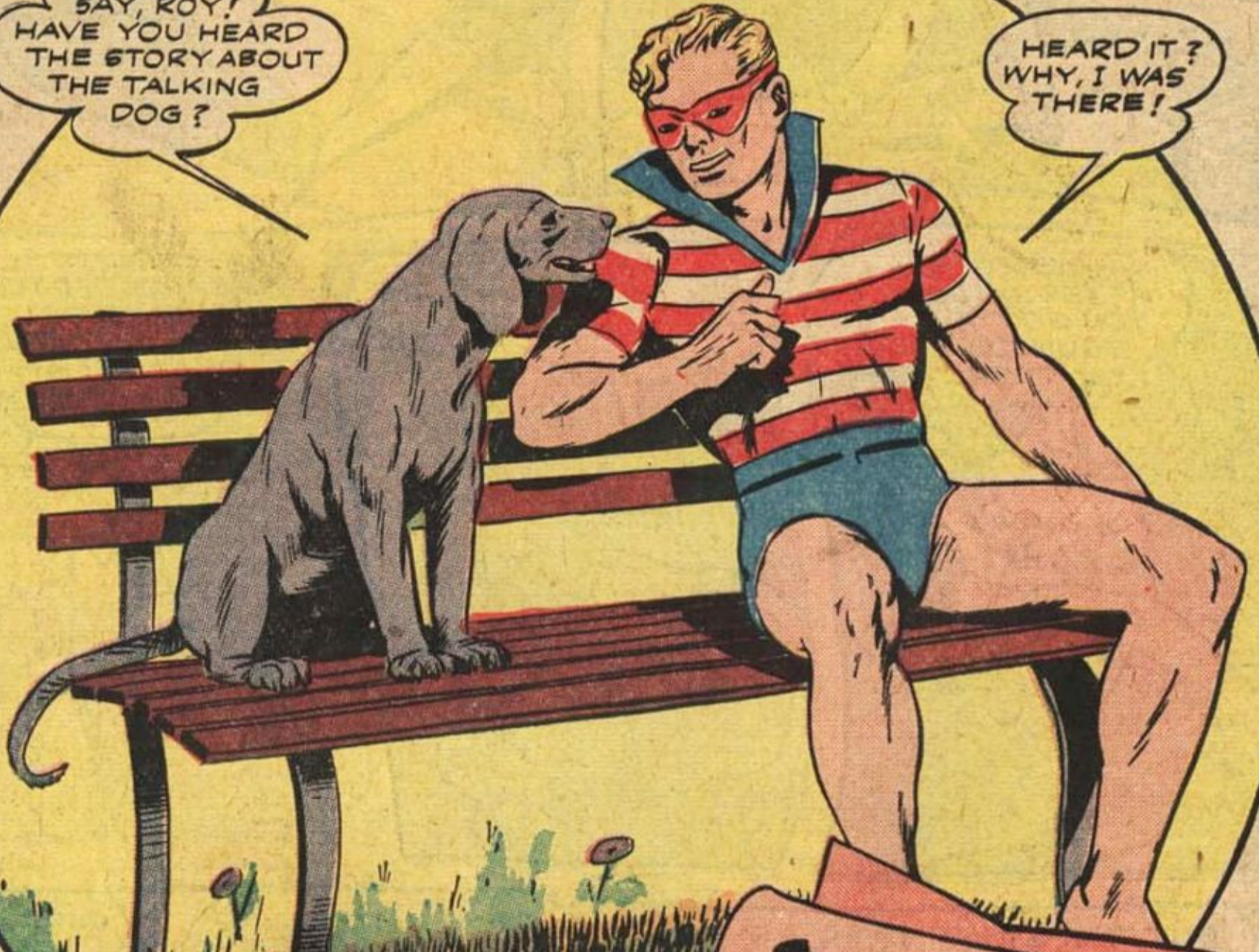
NEARLY ALL THE INHABITANTS OF GREENLAND ARE DESCENDANTS OF EUROPEANS!

ROY!

THE SUPER BOY

SAY, ROY!
HAVE YOU HEARD
THE STORY ABOUT
THE TALKING
DOG?

HEARD IT?
WHY, I WAS
THERE!



AND HOW ABOUT
YOU, DEAR READER?
HAVE YOU HEARD IT?
IF NOT, READ ON
AND DISCOVER WHAT
HAPPENED IN ROY'S
MOST UNUSUAL AD-
VENTURE!

E. Robbins



AH! WHAT A DAY! SMELL THAT AIR!



WELL, WELL! LOOK AT THE PUP!



WHAT ARE YOU AFTER OL' BOY? YOU GOT A SQUIRREL UNDER THERE?



NO-O! I'M LOOKIN' FOR MY MASTER!

OH!



HEH! THAT'S FUNNY! I'VE HEARD OF LOST DOGS BUT NEVER OF A LOST MASTER BEFORE!



BUT THAT'S WHAT HE SA---! HEY! HE TALKED!



ER--I HATE TO BOTHER YOU AGAIN, MR. PUP! BUT WOULD YOU MIND REPEATING WHAT YOU JUST SAID?

CERTAINLY NOT!

I SAID, I'M LOOKING FOR MY MASTER!



ARRRRGH! HE SAID IT AGAIN! IT'S A TRICK! IT'S A TRICK!



IT'S SOMEBODY HIDIN' BEHIND THE BUSH HERE!



OKAY, WISE GUY, I GOTCHA!

WHAT'D YOU DO THAT FOR?



HERE COMES A COP! I'LL SEE IF HE CAN HEAR HIM TOO!

HERE, BOY! HERE, PUP!



OFFICER, NOW DON'T THINK I'M NUT'S, BUT SEE IF YOU CAN HEAR THIS DOG TALK!

WHAT?

WE'LL SAY SOMETHING!

C'MON, PUP! SAY SOMETHING!



SAY, WHAT KIND OF A GAG IS THIS? GET OUT OF HERE! GO ON BEAT IT!





TALKIN' DOGS, INDADE!
SURE, AN' THE NEXT
THING IT'LL BE
FLYIN' ELY'FANTS!

OH ME! OH MY!
I'M AFRAID I'M
GOING CRAZY!



DON'T TAKE IT
SO HARD, PAL!

Y!! THERE
HE GOES
AGAIN!



HEY! WAIT A
MINUTE! YOU'RE
NOT CRAZY!

OH NO?
WELL,
ONE OF
US IS!

LOOK! THE REASON
I WOULDN'T TALK
WHEN THE COP WAS
AROUND IS THAT I
DON'T WANT ANY
PUBLICITY! I HATE
CROWDS!



BUT YOU
REALLY
ARE
TALKING?

CERTAINLY!



WHEW! WELL I
DON'T GET IT, BUT
IT SURE IS A RELIEF!
MY NAME IS ROY!

HIYA, ROY!
I'M ROVER!



I'M LOOKING FOR
YOUNG HARRY SHORTEN!
HE'S MY MASTER! I'M
AFRAID HE MIGHT HAVE
RUN OFF WITH SOME
BUMS WHO WERE
HANGING AROUND
THE HOUSE THIS
MORNING!

HMMM!
I'LL
GIVE YOU
A HAND,
ROVER!

ROVER LEADS ROY TO THE BUMS--

THERE THEY ARE!

UHHUH! COME ON! WE'LL SEE WHAT THEY KNOW!

HAVE YOU FELLA'S SEEN A KID NAMED HARRY SHORTEN? I HEAR YOU WERE HANGING AROUND HIS HOME THIS MORNING!

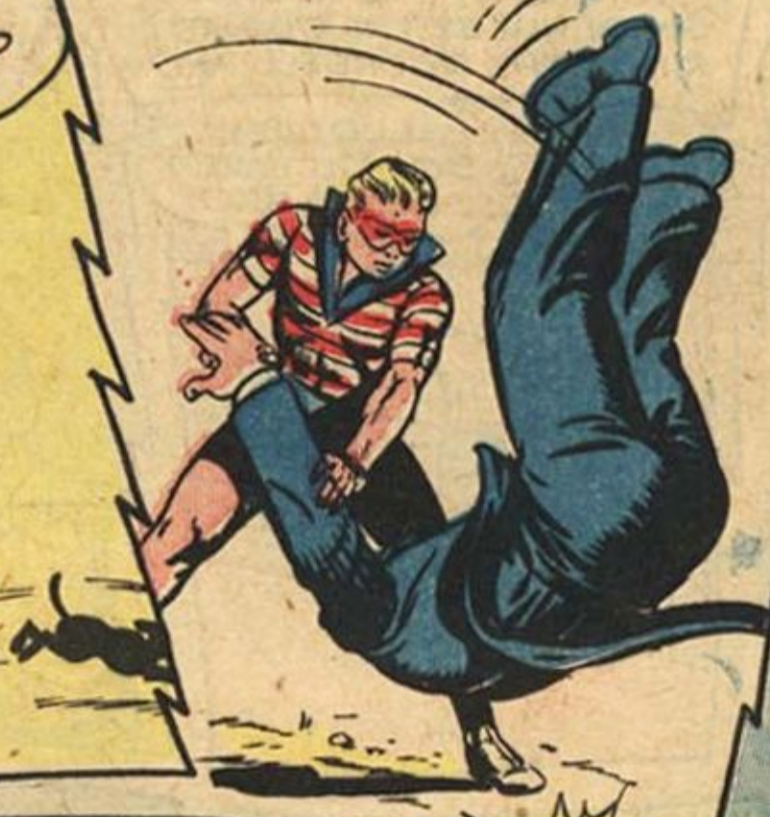
G'WAN! WE AIN'T LEFT DIS SPOT ALL DAY!

I HAPPEN TO KNOW YOU WERE THERE! ROVER TOL'- ULPs!

NOW I'VE DONE IT!



HAW! DIDJA HEAR DAT? ROVER TOLD HIM? HAW G'WAN BEAT IT, SCREW BALL!



GIT DE YOUNG PUNK!

COME ON BOYS! THERE'S PLENTY FOR ALL!



BUT-

DIS'LL FIX HIM!





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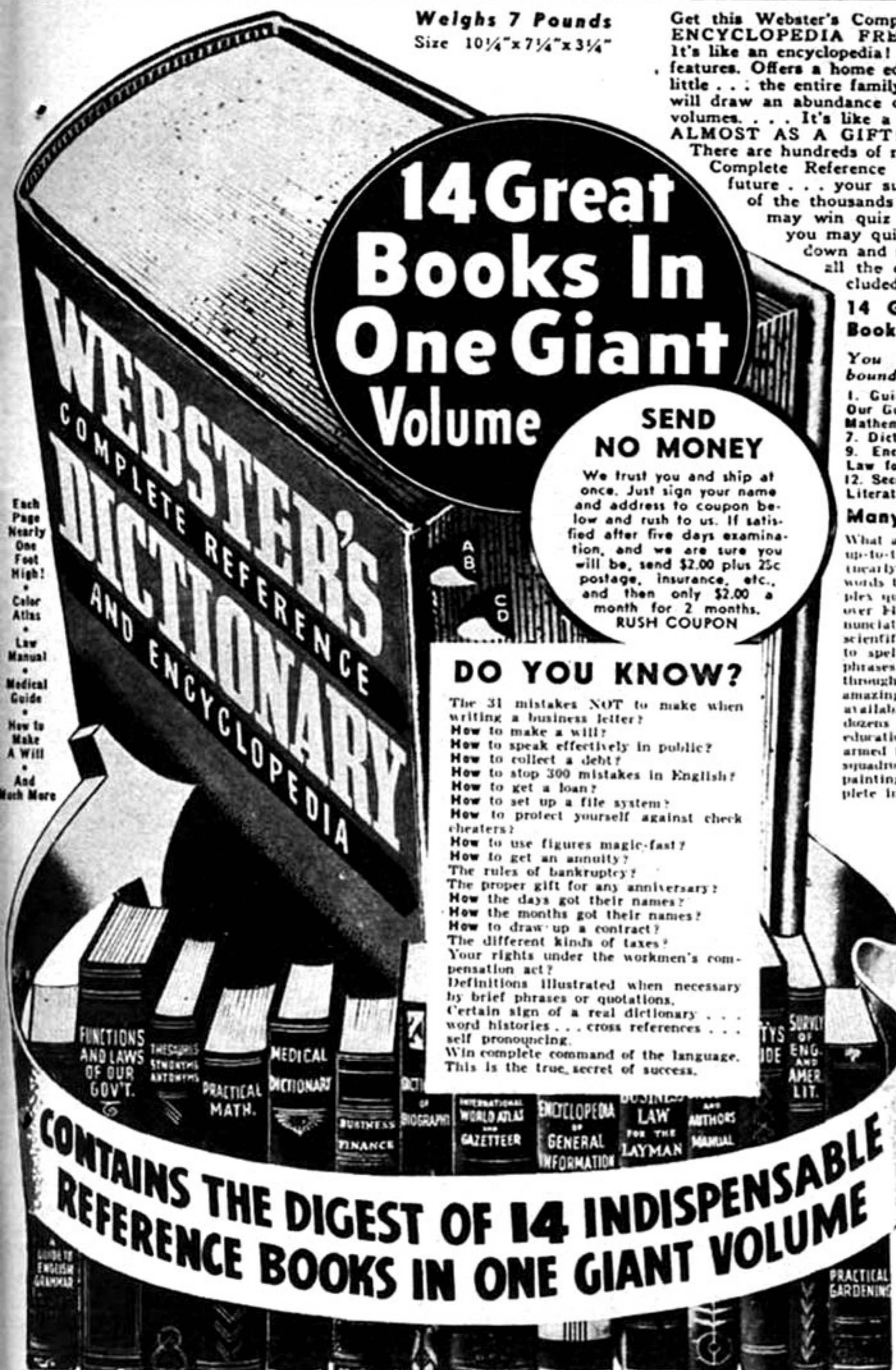
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